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EX CAPITA

Chapter 1 — “Day One Arbitrage”

Webcomic script adapted from Ex Capita: Dystopian Econ 101 *by Ethan G Appleby*

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Format Notes

Written as a page/panel script (print-style pagination, ~15 pages). For vertical-scroll platforms (Webtoon Canvas, Tapas), treat each PANEL as one scroll unit and ignore page breaks — the beats are ordered to work either way.

Script conventions: CAPTION = narration box. SFX = sound effect, drawn into art. (thought) = internal monologue, cloud bubble or floating text. Panel descriptions tell the artist *what to draw*, not how to draw it.

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The Signature Visual Device: THE LEDGER EYE

George’s “power” is just understanding economics — but in comic form, understanding must be *visible*. Whenever George analyzes a situation, the panel shifts into **Ledger Eye mode**: the world renders as glowing money-flow arrows, floating price tags, and ticker readouts overlaid on reality. Color note: flows TO the ruling government in gold; flows AWAY from suckers in draining red; George’s own opportunities pulse green.

This replaces paragraphs of economic narration from the novel. Rule of thumb for the whole series: **if George explains it in prose, the Ledger Eye draws it instead.**

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Character Sheet — GEORGE MISES (18)

- Thin, pallid, slight stoop — the posture of a body that spent its last life lying in a VR rig. Dark circles are a permanent feature, not a mood.

- Default expression: flat contempt mixed with visible weakness (the novel’s own opening description — keep it; it makes his rare sharp-eyed moments land harder).

- When the Ledger Eye activates: eyes catch light, posture straightens. The “weak kid” becomes a predator for exactly one panel, then slumps again.

- Wardrobe: standard-issue Capitalism Hill freshman uniform, worn slightly wrong (untucked, mis-buttoned) — he doesn’t care about anything that isn’t priced.

Setting Sheet — CAPITALISM HILL

- A walled campus-city: part university, part stock exchange, part micro-kingdom. Farms, markets, housing, its own currency (credits), its own government — elected by auction.

- Visual language: school architecture wearing finance skin. Bell tower with a ticker board. Banners shaped like candlestick charts. The gate’s crest is a coin.

- Crowds matter: parents in outer-market fashion (richer, gold accents) vs. students in uniform (credit-economy drab). The currency divide should be readable at a glance.

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THE SCRIPT

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PAGE 1 — Cold Open: The Previous Life

Panel 1. A dark bedroom lit only by the blue glow of a full-dive VR headset. GEORGE (previous life — same face, even gaunter) lies motionless in the rig. Instant noodle cups form a small skyline on the floor.

> CAPTION: George Mises had exactly one strength.

Panel 2. Inside the game: the trading floor of EX CAPITA, a VRMMO business sim. George’s avatar stands calm at the center of a storm of plummeting holographic charts while other avatars panic around him.

> CAPTION: In the VRMMO “Ex Capita,” he traded. He listened to economics lectures while he traded. He slept inside the rig so he could keep trading.

Panel 3. Close-up: the headset’s interior display, reflected in his open eye.

> HEADSET UI: ⚠ CUMULATIVE SESSION LIMIT REACHED — 10,000 HOURS

> HEADSET UI: TIME SINCE RELEASE: 18 MONTHS

> CAPTION: He found the hardware’s lifetime limit faster than the manufacturer thought possible.

Panel 4. Wide shot of the dark room. A single hard spark of light at the headset’s seam.

> SFX: *BZZT*

Panel 5. Pure white panel. Nothing.

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PAGE 2 — The Obituary

Panel 1. A TV news broadcast, framed by the edges of someone else's living room. A photo of George (taken from his game profile — his avatar, because no recent photos of his real face existed).

> NEWS CHYRON: MAN DIES IN VR RIG MALFUNCTION — REACHED 10,000-HOUR LIMIT IN RECORD TIME

> CAPTION: He made the news once. As a cautionary tale.

Panel 2. Solid black panel.

> CAPTION: Then, somewhere else —

Panel 3. GEORGE'S EYES SNAP OPEN — new world, age 18, lying in a dorm bed, morning light. Same dark circles. Same flat expression.

> CAPTION: — the market opened again.

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PAGE 3 — Title Spread

Panels 1 (full-page spread). The gates of CAPITALISM HILL on enrollment day. A river of students and parents flows toward a campus that looks like a university fused with a stock exchange: bell tower with ticker board, banners shaped like rising charts, the coin crest above the gate. George is a small, slouched figure being carried along by the crowd.

> TITLE: **EX CAPITA** — Chapter 1: Day One Arbitrage

> CAPTION: In this world, there are no universities. There is Capitalism Hill — a sealed economy where students don't take exams. They run companies. Your grades are your valuation.

> CAPTION: Graduate at the top, and you don't get a diploma. You get certified to govern. The final rank: CEO of a nation.

> CAPTION: Nations, here, can be bought.

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PAGE 4 — World in Three Panels

Panel 1. Infographic-style panel (in-world poster on the gate wall, students walking past it): a pyramid. Bottom: "YEAR 1 (age 8) — LEMONADE STANDS." Middle: "LEVEL 10 (age 18) — FOUND YOUR COMPANY." Top: "LEVEL 12 (age 20) — BID FOR GOVERNMENT."

> CAPTION: George is enrolling at Level 10. Eighteen years old. Starting capital: almost nothing.

Panel 2. Two kids (Year *1s*, age ~8) at an actual lemonade stand inside the gates, deadly serious, one recounting coins.

> KID: …and after supply costs we're down four credits.

> KID 2: Then we raise prices or we die.

Panel 3. George walking past them, unimpressed.

> GEORGE (thought): Ten years of this produces either a monster or a casualty.

> GEORGE (thought): I skipped the queue. I did my ten thousand hours already.

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PAGE 5 — The Pendant Stand

Panel 1. Outside the gate: a cheerful VENDOR at a decorated stall, hawking pendants to a line of parents. A banner reads: "OFFICIAL LUCKY PENDANTS — Licensed by the Level 12 Central Authority Corp."

> VENDOR: Lucky pendants! Blessed for your child's first valuation! Official — fully licensed!

Panel 2. A mother buying three. Her gold outer-market coins gleam as they change hands.

Panel 3. **LEDGER EYE.** The same scene, rendered in flows: red arrows drain from every parent's purse into the stall; a thick gold arrow runs from the stall up toward a silhouetted tower labeled RULING GOVERNMENT — "LICENSING FEE." A floating readout: OUTER GOLD → INTERNAL CREDITS / EXCHANGE RATE: HEAVILY UNDERVALUED.

> GEORGE (thought): The pendant is junk. The product is the license.

> GEORGE (thought): They're paying the ruling student government for the *right* to farm parents at the gate — and pocketing the currency arbitrage on top. Internal credits are dirt cheap against outer gold.

Panel 4. Small panel: George, hands in pockets, walking past the stall without slowing.

> GEORGE (thought): A tax on hope. Day one and the con is already load-bearing.

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PAGE 6 — The Recruitment Floor

Panel 1 (wide). Inside the gates — no assembly hall, no welcome speech. Instead: a trade-fair warzone. Company booths everywhere, upperclassmen reps shouting, freshmen swarming. Banners: "JOIN US — LEGACY CREDIT BONUS!" / "EDUCATION PROGRAMS — BOOST YOUR MARKS!"

> CAPTION: There was supposed to be an opening assembly. The market got there first.

Panel 2. A slick REP thrusts a brochure at a nervous freshman.

> REP: Our certified program adds directly to your business legacy score! Only 500 credits!

Panel 3. **LEDGER EYE** on the brochure: floating math — PROGRAM COST: *500cr* / MARK VALUE GAINED: *~300cr* / NET: *−200cr* — the minus sign in draining red. In the background of the same panel, dozens of freshmen are signing up anyway.

> GEORGE (thought): It costs more than it returns. Every single one of them.

> GEORGE (thought): The product isn't education. The product is the *feeling* of not falling behind.

Panel 4. George slips through the crowd untouched, the only still figure in the chaos — drawn like a man walking through rain without getting wet.

> CAPTION: In his entire year level, exactly one student walked the floor and bought nothing.

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PAGE 7 — The Software Stall (Reading the Bubble)

Panel 1. A booth stacked with data drives. Sign: "COMPLETE LEGACY MARKET DATABASE — every trade in Capitalism Hill history!" The SELLER grins.

> SELLER: Information is power, freshman! Ten years of market data!

Panel 2. George picks up a drive, turns it over once.

> GEORGE: This is the open-source archive. It's free outside the walls.

> SELLER: *Inside* the walls, friend, the import tariff makes it —

Panel 3. **LEDGER EYE** — a timeline graphic floats over the stall: (1) software once imported for cents → (2) a past government slaps a massive distribution tariff → (3) arrow up: DEMAND FOR INTERNAL PROGRAMMERS → (4) a swelling, shiny bubble labeled SOFTWARE SECTOR, drawn literally as a soap bubble with student programmers reflected in its skin.

> GEORGE (thought): An old government taxed imported software into oblivion. Result: a protected, overheated domestic programming sector.

> GEORGE (thought): A bubble with a wall around it.

Panel 4. Close on a public notice board behind the stall: "GOVERNMENT OPERATIONS SALE — RULING BODY DIVESTS IN 3 DAYS. BIDDING WAR FOR NEXT GOVERNANCE BEGINS AT ASSEMBLY."

> GEORGE (thought): And the people who built the wall are selling everything and leaving in three days.

> GEORGE (thought): When the architects exit, the building is condemned. They’re short their own bubble.

Panel 5. George sets the drive down gently, almost politely.

> GEORGE: No thank you.

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PAGE 8 — The License

Panel 1. The Licensing Department: a dim office that looks like a DMV crossed with a bank vault. A bored CLERK behind a grille.

> CLERK: Business type*?*

Panel 2. George, deadpan.

> GEORGE: Information brokerage.

Panel 3. The clerk pauses mid-stamp. One raised eyebrow.

> CLERK: …Freshmen usually pick “café.”

Panel 4. Big, slow panel — the stamp comes down on the license like a sword being drawn in a battle manga. Dramatic angle, ink spray.

> SFX: *THUNK*

> LICENSE TEXT (readable): MISES INFORMATION BROKERAGE — Lvl 10 — Reg. Day 1.

> CAPTION: A broker has a reason to ask anyone anything. A broker is an “in” for every speculator who wants a rumor moved.

> CAPTION: George didn’t register a business. He registered an *excuse*.

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PAGE 9 — Positioning

Panel 1. A quiet stairwell. George crouched over a battered student terminal, the screen lighting his face.

> CAPTION: Starting credits: barely anything. Enough for exactly one idea.

Panel 2. Screen detail: he’s buying two things against the biggest software company on the Hill — APEX CODEWORKS. Line items: CHEAP DEFAULT INSURANCE ✓ / SHORT POSITIONS ✓. Both priced at “nobody believes this will happen” discount levels.

> GEORGE (thought): Insurance on the giant is cheap, because no one insures against the sun going out.

Panel 3. **LEDGER EYE** on the live ticker: APEX CODEWORKS — price wobbling, but a second line, LEGACY CREDITS (FUNDAMENTALS), is convulsing violently beneath it.

> GEORGE (thought): Price is calm. Fundamentals are screaming.

> GEORGE (thought): Either they're dying — or they're liquidating productive assets to bid for the governance. Both end the same way for the stock.

Panel 4. George stands, pockets the terminal. Distant bell: the assembly is soon.

> GEORGE (thought): One more trade before the bell. The expensive kind — face to face.

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PAGE 10 — The Game Room Door

Panel 1. An upperclassman corridor — Level 12 territory. Richer fixtures, quieter, intimidating. George looks very small in it.

> CAPTION: Level *12s*. Two years older. Hundreds of times richer.

Panel 2. George before a door labeled GAME ROOM — PRIVATE. He raises his fist.

> CAPTION: His broker's database said the second-biggest software CEO on the Hill killed time here before every speech.

Panel 3. He knocks. HARD.

> SFX: *BANG BANG BANG*

Panel 4. The door opens. Filling the frame: RIVAL CEO (Level 12, 20 — sharp uniform, sharper eyes, board-game piece still in one hand). He looks down at George like a man finding a flyer stuck to his door.

> RIVAL CEO: …A Level 10. On day one. This better be a sales pitch worth my last free hour.

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PAGE 11 — The Duel Begins

Panel 1. The game room: strategy board games mid-play, leather chairs, a window with the assembly tower visible — clock face prominent. The CEO sits; George stays standing.

> GEORGE: You're bidding for the governance today. To afford it, you need your competitor — Apex — to lose. Publicly. Soon.

Panel 2. Close on the CEO's face. The boredom is gone.

> RIVAL CEO: Go on.

Panel 3. George produces his terminal, places it on the game board between them — drawn exactly like a player committing a piece.

> GEORGE: Options against Apex Codeworks. I hold them. They cost me one hundred credits.

> GEORGE: Their fundamentals are coming apart and the assembly is in one hour. After the bell, everyone will know.

Panel 4. **LEDGER EYE** — over the game board, a graphic only George (and the reader) sees: a premium curve bending vertically upward as a clock hand sweeps toward ASSEMBLY. Label: INSURANCE PANIC WINDOW — PREMIUMS EXPANDING BY THE MINUTE.

> GEORGE (thought): Every minute before that bell, this contract reprices upward. He knows it. I know it. The clock negotiates for me.

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PAGE 12 — The Close

Panel 1. The CEO leans back, studying George.

> RIVAL CEO: If Apex is collapsing, why sell me the winning ticket*?* Why not ride it yourself*?*

Panel 2. George — and here, one beat of total honesty, flat delivery.

> GEORGE: Because if I’m wrong, the loss kills me, and if I’m right, I can’t cover the position to collect. I’m a freshman with pocket lint.

> GEORGE: You can carry the risk. I can’t. So you pay me for finding it.

Panel 3. Silence panel. The clock tower through the window. The board game between them.

Panel 4. The CEO laughs — short, genuine — and slides a credit chit across the board.

> RIVAL CEO: One thousand. For the contracts and the courtesy of knocking like you owned the building.

> SFX: *clak*

Panel 5. Tight on the trade executing on George’s terminal: PAID 100 → SOLD 1,000.

> CAPTION: Ten-to-one. Day one. Risk carried: someone else’s.

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PAGE 13 — The Bell

Panel 1. George exits the game room. Behind him, the CEO is already on his feet, barking at someone through a terminal — the predator George just armed.

Panel 2. Wide: students streaming toward the assembly tower as the bell rings. George joins the flow, indistinguishable again — slouched, untucked, invisible.

> SFX: *GONNNG*

Panel 3. **LEDGER EYE**, final use — over the whole crowd: a thousand tiny red flows draining toward booths and pendant stands… and one small green line, George's, ticking quietly upward.

> CAPTION: The software bubble had not popped yet.

Panel 4. Close on George's face, the only smile of the chapter — small, tired, real.

> CAPTION: He intended to be paid when it did.

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PAGE 14 — Hook

Panel 1 (full page). The assembly hall interior, vast, filling with students. On stage, a podium: "GOVERNANCE BIDDING — COMMENCING." And in the foreground, back to camera, one student stands out of the drab uniform crowd: a girl in a YELLOW dress with a blue ribbon, hand-made, defiant.

> CAPTION: Next: the bidding war for the government begins — and the only other student on the Hill who walked past the pendant stand without slowing down.

> END OF CHAPTER 1.

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ADAPTATION NOTES (how the prose became this script)

What was kept. Every economic beat in your original opening survived: the pendant licensing con and currency arbitrage, the education programs that cost more than they return, the open-source software tariff history and programming bubble, the government divesting before the assembly, the brokerage registration, the insurance/shorts on the big software firm, and the game-room option sale at exactly your numbers (100 in, 1,000 out, before the assembly, premiums expanding on the clock). Chapter 1 is your text, restructured.

What was compressed. The novel explains each mechanism in narration, sometimes twice. The script gives each mechanism exactly one Ledger Eye panel and one line of thought. A comic reader absorbs "cost 500, returns 300, net −200" from a single floating graphic faster than from a paragraph — this is the single biggest win of the format change, and it's also the move that makes your dyslexia irrelevant to the final product: the heavy lifting moves

from prose mechanics to visual logic, which was always the strongest part of the material.

What was invented (flag for your approval). Three things: (1) the Apex Codeworks company name — the novel says “the biggest programming business”; comics need proper nouns on signage. (2) The clerk’s “freshmen usually pick café” line — one beat of humor to humanize the license scene. (3) The final-page Sophia tease in the yellow dress — she enters later in your text, but chapter-end hooks are load-bearing in webcomics, and her hand-made yellow dress (which your novel establishes — yellow as the color of capitalism, blue ribbon for her eyes) is a perfect silent introduction. Veto any of these freely; they’re suggestions, not requirements.

Pacing logic. 14 pages ≈ one standard webcomic episode. The chapter is structured as: hook (death) → world (3 pages) → three escalating reads (pendant / fair / bubble) → first move (license) → climax (the duel) → payoff and hook. Each future chapter should follow the same skeleton: one scheme, one duel-style negotiation, one Ledger Eye revelation the reader can actually learn real economics from.

Next steps if you continue. (1) Approve/veto the inventions above. (2) Build the story bible next — George and Sophia character sheets, the Hill’s rules written down once (currency, supply drops, legacy credits, governance auctions) so future chapters and any art generation stay consistent. (3) Storyboard pages 1–3 first; the cold open is the cheapest test of whether the visual style works.

EX CAPITA — The Complete Adaptation
Chapters 2–11 (continues from Chapter 1: “Day One Arbitrage”)
Webcomic script adapted from Ex Capita Dystopian: Econ 101 *by Ethan G Appleby*

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SERIES BIBLE ADDENDUM (new material revealed after Ch. 1)

THE BIG SECRET (artist must know from page one): This world IS the VRMMO Ex:Capita — one hundred years after twenty million players vanished in an instant. The “NPCs” kept living, breeding, and building. George is not merely a reincarnator: he is THE George Mises, the legendary player called the **Demon Lord of Wealth**, founder of the modern academy, reborn into his own maxed-out avatar body (Strength, Intelligence, Charisma, Emotion, Luck — all level 100). Foreshadow visually before the Ch. 7 reveal: statues, textbook portraits, the academy crest — all subtly George-shaped. Readers who reread should gasp.

Continuity reconciliation with Ch. 1: “Apex Codeworks” (Ch. 1’s invented signage) is the programming *subsidiary*. Its parent is **O BASE CAPITAL** — the corporation bidding for governance. Its estranged sibling company is

X BASE CAPITAL, an automated bot-trading giant. Both descend from XO BASE CAPITAL, split by an old anti-monopoly policy. Put this on a wall chart in the assembly hall so it reads as worldbuilding, not retcon.

Cast additions

SOPHIA (18) — Blonde, shoulder-length hair, blue eyes, bright blue headband (functional: archery, sword, martial arts). Hand-made yellow dress, blue ribbon below the collarbone, white collar — yellow for gold/capitalism, blue for her eyes. Heir to Silverton's central bank; second only to her own ambition. Polymath: seamstress (thousands of hours), athlete, negotiator, economist. Carries her silver-concentration archives everywhere. Calls George "my lord" — the reader learns in Ch. 7 this was never flirtation; it was a *hypothesis*.

DONAVAN, "the Don" (20–21) — Level 12. Real-estate family scion from Silverton, fiscal-power family (counterpart to Sophia/Amelia's monetary-power family). Glasses, broad, formal. Recently forced to sell the Premium Boarding House to survive. Terrified of Amelia in a way he has misfiled for twenty years.

AMELIA (20–21) — Sophia's cousin, second-in-line to the central bank. Runs one of the Hill's largest real-estate companies — Donavan's "rival," though her firm never noticed his. Reads as composed steel; is actually performing for one audience member. Confesses like she's closing a deal, because for her there is no difference.

HALBERT — Boarding-house employee. The only aggressively normal person in the cast; a man who wants a wage. Comic relief through sheer unflappability.

World additions
- **Supply drops:** the board airdrops technology/goods at intervals; gold ONLY enters the economy this way. Every drop item is duplicated/automated; students mod and copy them ("limited edition" is a marketing lie). Full drop archive is public online.
- **The branch's name is "Ex:Capita Branch."** The bomb under every scene until Ch. 7.
- **Etiquette:** "The commerce spirits are not angry, I hope" = polite financial-health greeting, the local "bless you."
- **Tech/culture:** redox-flow electric tricycles; pollution is socially radioactive; nuclear + solar abundance; Silverton uses bulky high-voltage EVs.
- **Silverton:** mineral-export nation in a silver-concentration currency trap (fully diagrammed in Ch. 9).

Ledger Eye — continued usage
Same rules as Ch. 1. New variant introduced in Ch. 7: **the Ledger Eye fails** — when George looks at Sophia with it during emotional moments, the readout dissolves into static or renders nonsense ("VALUE: ∞ / ERROR"). The

romance is the one thing he can’t price. Use sparingly; it’s the series’ best recurring beat.

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CHAPTER 2 — “The Speech Auction”
(≈14 pages. Source: assembly speeches through Sophia choosing George.)

PAGE 1
Panel 1 (wide). The assembly hall, vast and packed. Banner over the stage: GOVERNANCE BIDDING — AFTER STUDENT INTRODUCTIONS. George slumped in the Level 10 seating, invisible again.
> CAPTION: Before the bidding war: the speeches. Every new student gets one minute to introduce themselves.
> CAPTION: Most use it to say their name.

Panel 2. Montage strip of three forgettable freshmen at the podium, sweating.
> FRESHMAN 1: H-hi, I’m —
> FRESHMAN 2: My company will, um —
> FRESHMAN 3: (just bowing)

Panel 3. George’s eyes half-lidded — then snapping open. On stage: a girl in a yellow dress with a blue ribbon. SOPHIA. Confident. Hands on the podium like she owns it.
> SOPHIA: Welcome, everyone. My name is Sophia.

PAGE 2
Panel 1. Sophia, close. A small, dangerous smile. She breathes in, out.
> SOPHIA: Upperclassmen — you have one opportunity today to invest. So here it is:
> SOPHIA: **I’m selling my future. Top dollar.**

Panel 2. Murmur ripples through the hall. Floating contract text beside her (her own presentation slide): OPTIONS ON ALL COMPANIES I FOUND — 1 CREDIT EACH — 10,000 SHARE CEILING — FIRST QUARTER ONLY.
> CROWD (jagged bubbles): Is she insane? / That’s her *founder’s rights* — / In the first quarter?!

Panel 3. **LEDGER EYE** — George analyzing from his seat. Flow diagram over Sophia: her founder equity flowing OUT in quarter one (the quarter that decides everything)… and a dotted mystery arrow flowing IN from a silhouette labeled “???”
> GEORGE (thought): She’s giving up outright ownership of her first company — in the quarter where outcomes get decided.
> GEORGE (thought): That only makes sense if she’s betting on *someone else’s* company instead. She’s not selling her future. She’s swapping it.

Panel 4. Small panel: a LEVEL 12 stands, raises a paddle. Sold.
> CAPTION: One buyer. Contract terms: held by an individual, not an organization. Non-transferable. Expires in a year.
> GEORGE (thought): Whoever she's planning to team up with… it's some Level 12's company. Has to be.

PAGE 3
Panel 1. Sophia returns to her seat — which is, the reader now sees, directly beside George's. He stiffens.
> SOPHIA (small, sideways): Your turn, information broker.

Panel 2. George at the podium. Hands gripping it. A bead of sweat — the old anxiety, the previous life's anxiety, never patched.
> CAPTION: Stage fright survives reincarnation.

Panel 3. He exhales. The slump straightens — Ledger Eye posture, but facing outward for the first time.
> GEORGE: I'm George. I also sell information.
> GEORGE: Today's is free.

PAGE 4
Panel 1 (big). George, lit by the hall screens behind him — which display the market HE's about to move.
> GEORGE: The programming sector is a bubble. The outgoing government built it with a tariff wall, and the outgoing government is *leaving*.
> GEORGE: O Base Capital is hollowing out its own subsidiaries — selling productive R&D — to fund its governance bid. Look at the legacy credits. The fundamentals are already screaming.

Panel 2. The crowd: phones out, EVERYONE checking tickers at once. A wall of glowing screens.
> GEORGE: I'll buy any information you have on the collapse. I'm your economics advisor now. First consultation's done.

Panel 3 (wide). The hall ticker: APEX CODEWORKS / O BASE HOLDINGS — red. Falling. Sell orders cascading in real time as he walks off stage.
> SFX: *ding ding ding ding* (sell confirmations, everywhere)

Panel 4. Tiny panel. Somewhere in the hall, the RIVAL CEO from Chapter 1 watches his options reprice. He raises an imaginary glass toward the stage.
> RIVAL CEO (small): Worth every credit.

PAGE 5
Panel 1. George sits back down. Sophia studies him — openly, unembarrassed.
> SOPHIA: You know that was theater. The crash already started this morning. You just gave it a face.

Panel 2. **LEDGER EYE**, but it's George turning it on HER for the first time. Readout flickers: ANALYSIS: SHE'S RIGHT.

> GEORGE (thought): The stock was already dumped. Only a few firms were holding — propping the price while they exited before bidding.
> GEORGE (thought): There was never demand. I didn't pop a bubble. I announced a corpse.
> GEORGE: …Half marks for theater, then.

Panel 3. Sophia leans in, chin on hand.
> SOPHIA: Teach me something, advisor. Free consultation, you said.

PAGE 6 — The Diamond and the Leaf
Panel 1. George holds up two fingers. Inset illustration panels appear beside the dialogue — drawn like a chalkboard lesson, the series' "econ corner" visual style.
> GEORGE: Two products. One thousand diamond rings — a hundred credits profit each. Or one thousand *gold leaves* — three hundred profit each. Which do you sell?

Panel 2. Sophia, instant:
> SOPHIA: The leaves. Obviously.

Panel 3. Inset: the leaf stall with a line of exactly FOUR customers, then tumbleweed. Price tag being crossed down, down, down.
> GEORGE: Half marks. Only a handful of buyers *want* gold leaves. You sell slow — and once your few collectors have bought, the next leaf sells for less. And less.

Panel 4. Inset: the diamond stall with an endless queue.
> GEORGE: Profit per unit is a lie until you ask: *how many people are standing in line?* That's the whole morning, Sophia. The programming sector was a stall full of gold leaves.

Panel 5. Sophia, quiet, genuinely recalibrating. Then — that smile again.
> SOPHIA: …So. Do you know what MY strategy is?

PAGE 7
Panel 1. George, comfortable now. Showing off, slightly.
> GEORGE: You sold your own future to fund a bet on someone else's. You've scouted some Level 12's company to attach yourself to. It's sound. Parasitic, but sound.

Panel 2 (BIG — half page). Sophia turns fully toward him. The hall noise drops out of the panel — white background, just the two of them.
> SOPHIA: That's the part you got wrong.
> SOPHIA: **I've decided on you, George.** I hope you weren't planning to go solo — even as a *sole* trader.

Panel 3. George, genuinely blindsided — the first expression he's worn all day that the Ledger Eye didn't pre-compute.
> GEORGE: Me? You'd do better backing the upperclassmen. They hold the governance. You clearly have the acumen for —

PAGE 8
Panel 1. Sophia, dismissive wave at the entire Level 12 section.
> SOPHIA: The upperclassmen don't want to *build*. They want to liquidate everything they made, buy a governing seat, collect the leadership certification, and get exported as some micro-nation's middle manager.
> SOPHIA: They're done being productive. I'm not interested in boarding a ship that's already docking.

Panel 2. George — and for once he's nodding along before she finishes.
> GEORGE: …That's why I was going solo. The lower years don't know what their labor is worth. The upper years don't know what investment is worth. Everyone here is mispricing themselves.

Panel 3. Two-shot. The first time they're drawn as a *unit* — same posture, same angle, mirrored.
> SOPHIA: Then it's settled. Partners.
> GEORGE (thought): …When did I agree to —

Panel 4. SFX from the stage speakers cuts the moment:
> SPEAKERS: *KRRZT* — SPEECHES CONCLUDED. BIDDING FOR GOVERNANCE WILL NOW —

PAGE 9 — The Lawsuit
Panel 1. A hand shoots up in the crowd. An angry SUIT (O Base man, clearly).
> SUIT: One last statement! I'd like to SUE that boy — George — for defamation against O Base Capital!

Panel 2. The SPEAKER at the podium, magnificently bored.
> SPEAKER: Sue him with *what government?* There is none. The rights were sold back to the board during this assembly. The board governs nothing — it only sells.
> SPEAKER: You want justice? **Buy the governance.** Same as it's always been.

Panel 3. The suit sits down, strangled. Laughter ripples.
> CAPTION: For the duration of an assembly, Capitalism Hill is the purest market on earth: no laws, no courts, no rates. Just the board, and the bid.

Panel 4. **LEDGER EYE** — George and Sophia exchange a glance, and the overlay shows the SAME realization on both: Sophia's "sold future" contract stamped VOIDED ON GOVERNANCE CHANGE.
> GEORGE (thought): No government means her contract's a blank slate. Any new governance voids it.
> SOPHIA (thought): He's noticed. Good. I didn't sell my future. I sold *the outgoing administration's copy of it.*
> CAPTION: Both of them had read the fine print. Neither was surprised the other had.

PAGE 10
Panel 1. George’s hand in his pocket. Finds paper. Freezes.
> GEORGE (thought): …The bankruptcy insurance options. I never sold them.

Panel 2. Insert: crumpled option certificates — BANKRUPTCY PROTECTION: O BASE CAPITAL — pennies each, monthly holding fee.
> GEORGE (thought): Couldn’t get fractions of a credit for them. Costs money just to HOLD them. The market’s most worthless paper.
> GEORGE (thought): Better ROI keeping them than selling. Barely.

Panel 3. A BOARD MEMBER rises from the directors’ box, crosses to the speaker, whispers. The speaker’s eyebrows climb.
> CAPTION: Worthless paper has one virtue.

Panel 4 (page-turn cliffhanger). The board member takes the microphone himself. Dead silence. George’s fist closes around the options in his pocket.
> BOARD MEMBER: Before bidding commences… the board has an announcement regarding **O Base Capital.**
> CAPTION: It reprices instantly.

> **END OF CHAPTER 2.** Next: thirty seconds that bankrupt two empires.

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CHAPTER 3 — “Thirty Seconds”
(≈14 pages. Source: the fine, the double collapse, the 200,000 bid, the victory speech.)

PAGE 1
Panel 1 (full-width). The board member at the microphone. Behind him, the hall ticker still bleeding red from George’s speech.
> BOARD MEMBER: O Base Capital is hereby fined **one billion credits** — plus one million per subsidiary — for currency manipulation.

Panel 2. The crowd: a single frozen panel. A dropped phone mid-air.
> SFX: (silence — draw it: empty white balloon)

Panel 3. Board member, merciless, reading from a tablet.
> BOARD MEMBER: O Base has been smuggling outside currency into our economy, laundering it through programming-sector wages, dodging board tax. The board exists to keep this simulation *realistic.* Currency manipulation devalues every certificate this institution issues.

PAGE 2
Panel 1. **LEDGER EYE — full page-width spread.** The bubble diagram from Chapter 1 (Page 7) reappears — but now annotated with the TRUTH: outside currency flowing in at the bottom, washing through PROGRAMMER WAGES, inflating the bubble from below. The bubble was never about software at all.
> GEORGE (thought): That’s what the bubble *was.* Not tariff distortion — a

laundromat. The flood of wages was the wash cycle.
> GEORGE (thought): And that means O Base isn't going to *lose the bid.*
> GEORGE (thought): O Base is going to **die.**

Panel 2. Tight on George's pocket. The crumpled options.
> GEORGE (thought): Bankruptcy insurance. Half a credit each.

PAGE 3 — The Repricing
Panel 1. George's terminal, hands moving FAST. Market screen: BANKRUPTCY PROTECTION: O BASE — price column rolling like a slot machine: 0.5 → 12 → 87 → 340 →
> SFX: *brrrrrrrt*

Panel 2 (BIG). The number lands: **1,000 / option.** George's holdings line: 400 options × 1,000 = **400,000 CREDITS.**
> CAPTION: Two hundred credits of the market's most worthless paper.
> CAPTION: Four hundred thousand. In one announcement.

Panel 3. George SELLING — and the buyer column filling with identical entries: XB-BOT-001, XB-BOT-002, XB-BOT-003…
> GEORGE (thought): The trading bots are eating my entire position. Automated insurance arbitrage — they're not even checking who *pays out* the contracts they're buying…

Panel 4. **LEDGER EYE** — a horrifying, beautiful flow diagram: the bots belong to X BASE CAPITAL. The insurance contracts they're hoovering up are LIABILITIES OF X BASE CAPITAL. An arrow eating its own tail. Label: AUTOCANNIBALISM IN PROGRESS.
> GEORGE (thought): They're buying their own debt. At panic prices. Automatically.

PAGE 4
Panel 1. Wall chart in the hall (the worldbuilding chart from the bible): XO BASE CAPITAL split by anti-monopoly decree into O BASE and X BASE. Twin giants. One already on fire.
> CAPTION: One hundred years ago, XO Base Capital was the whole economy. An anti-monopoly policy cut it in two.
> CAPTION: The halves kept the family habit of being everywhere at once.

Panel 2. The hall ticker: X BASE CAPITAL — INSUFFICIENT RESOURCES — DELISTED. Beneath it, O BASE — FINED — TRADING HALTED. Both rows going dark.
> SFX: *blip. blip.*

Panel 3 (wide, the chapter's thesis image). The vast hall, hundreds of stunned faces lit by dying tickers — and in the middle of it all, one small figure quietly turning his chair around: George, swiveling to face the stage, done.
> CAPTION: The two largest businesses in Capitalism Hill died thirty seconds apart.

> CAPTION: Sophia, sitting beside him, witnessed only this: George Mises, turning on his chair.

PAGE 5
Panel 1. The SPEAKER, gamely, into the wreckage:
> SPEAKER: …Let’s just start the bidding. Do we have an initial bid?

Panel 2. A hand rises from the Level 10 section. The whole hall turns.
> GEORGE: Two hundred thousand.

Panel 3. Sophia, sharp whisper:
> SOPHIA: You mean two hundred, right?

Panel 4. George doesn’t answer with words — just a look. Draw the look: tired eyes, the smallest smile, absolute certainty. The same smile from Chapter 1’s last page.
> CAPTION: He didn’t correct her. His face did.

PAGE 6
Panel 1. Sophia’s POV — her phone, frantic mental math rendered as floating calculations around her head (HER first proto-Ledger-Eye moment — she gets a simpler, hand-drawn version of his power; this becomes her visual signature):
> SOPHIA (thought): 200,000?! That’s a tenth of the hard money supply — where — rich parents converting outside currency? No, that’s what just got O Base EXECUTED —

Panel 2. Her screen: MARKET-WIDE DEFLATION EVENT — 1 MIN AGO. And: X BASE CAPITAL — NOT FOUND.
> SOPHIA (thought): Mass deflation… the collapse… he didn’t bring money in.
> SOPHIA (thought): He pulled it out of the wreckage. *Both wrecks. He was holding the only paper that profits from a double funeral.*

Panel 3. The SPEAKER scanning the silent hall.
> SPEAKER: Two hundred thousand from the… Level 10 seating. Any higher bids?
> CAPTION: With maximum leverage, the richest organization left could raise 180,000.
> CAPTION: He hadn’t guessed that number. He’d *set* it.

Panel 4. A board member checks a tablet — verifying George’s account. A slow nod.
> SPEAKER: …Unprecedented. Sold — to the individual in the Level 10 seats.

PAGE 7
Panel 1 (BIG). The hall erupts in halves: the Level 10 section on its feet ROARING; the upper-year sections a wall of fury.
> SFX: *WOOOOO* / *BOOOOO* (literally split the lettering down the panel)

Panel 2. A staffer materializes behind George.
> STAFFER: Celebratory speech, sir. New governor’s tradition. Plans for the

Hill, if you have them.
> GEORGE: (thought) I had plans for a small rented room with nice wallpaper.

PAGE 8 — The Victory Speech
Panel 1. George at the podium for the second time in an hour. The anxiety sweat is back — winning didn't patch it either.
> GEORGE: Hello. I'm George. I'm… your leader now.

Panel 2. He finds his footing the only way he knows — by talking policy.
> GEORGE: I have no business interests besides information — so my first act is this: **this administration favors the development of the youngest students over the established.**
> GEORGE: And I'll be setting monetary policy personally. I'm self-taught, which means I haven't inherited anyone's bad habits.

Panel 3 (wide). The split crowd again, louder: Level 10s ecstatic, Level 12s booing him bodily off the stage. Paper flies. George walks off through it, expression flat, mind visibly elsewhere.
> GEORGE (thought): Rent or buy… how big does a government building need to be… could it just be one room…

PAGE 9
Panel 1. Sophia intercepts him at the foot of the stage. Mock-formal curtsy.
> SOPHIA: Congratulations. Your future's complete — you can retire today and live off bureaucrats *paying you to add policies.*

Panel 2. Beat panel. George looks at her.
> GEORGE: …They literally pay. Don't they. That's a thing here.
> SOPHIA: Tolerated corruption is the Hill's oldest industry, my lord.

Panel 3. First "my lord." Draw George's reaction with care: surprise, a flicker of something old behind the eyes the READER can't parse yet — Chapter 7 will detonate this panel retroactively.
> GEORGE: "My lord"? You're my second-in-command, Sophia. Titles aren't —

> SOPHIA: I have my reasons. Allow it?
> GEORGE: …Until it causes divisions. Then it stops immediately.

Panel 4. Sophia's face, turned slightly away from him, toward the reader. Not a flirt's smile. A *researcher's* smile — hypothesis pending.
> SOPHIA (thought): Until then… let's see how the title fits you.

PAGE 10
Panel 1. Walking out of the hall together into afternoon light.
> GEORGE: My saga starts here, you know. This was all *part* of the plan. I think a thousand steps ahead of everyone. You do the same, surely?
> SOPHIA: Oh, I could never, my lord.

Panel 2. George, missing the irony entirely, visibly flattered.
> GEORGE: Help me pick a government headquarters?

> SOPHIA: The computer labs. The programming collapse just made them free real estate — literally fractions of a credit —

Panel 3. George stops walking. Points across the campus at a distant, gorgeous building on a hill: the PREMIUM BOARDING HOUSE.
> GEORGE: No. We should enjoy ourselves — and send a message.
> GEORGE: We're taking the most premium building on the Hill and turning it into the seat of government.

Panel 4 (chapter close). Sophia beside him, looking where he points. The boarding house gleams. At its gate, far off, tiny: a figure being *thrown out* of the building, luggage and all.
> SOPHIA: …You want to move in with the autocrats and the lobbyists?
> GEORGE: I want to remodel the building they're being evicted from.
> CAPTION: The evictions, it would turn out, were his fault.

> **END OF CHAPTER 3.**

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CHAPTER 4 — "The Rate Nobody Set"
(≈13 pages. Source: Halbert, the thugs, the interest-rate gambit, the SWF.)

PAGE 1
Panel 1. The boarding house gates, up close now: manicured hedges, gold trim — and a LOBBYIST mid-eviction, suitcase bursting, escorted out by staff.
> CAPTION: The Premium Boarding House: where every prior government's favor-traders lived. Policy access in exchange for penthouse keys.

Panel 2. **LEDGER EYE** on the eviction: a broken flow diagram — POLICY FAVORS ⇄ HOUSING arrows snapped mid-loop, error text: COUNTERPARTY (GOVERNMENT) NO LONGER EXISTS.
> SOPHIA: Do you know what's happening here?
> GEORGE: Yes. Governance changed. They can't trade policy anymore — their entire business model was *me not existing.*

Panel 3. Sophia, sharper:
> SOPHIA: It's worse than that. Governance *marks* come from a policy's long-term effects. You're planning to delete and rewrite every policy on the books —
> SOPHIA: — which deletes the long-term effects. Which deletes the marks of every upperclassman who paid everything to govern before you.

Panel 4. George, slowly:
> GEORGE: …So the people booing me weren't sore losers. They were the most capable students on the Hill watching me erase their transcripts.
> SOPHIA: Welcome to politics, my lord.

PAGE 2 — Halbert
Panel 1. A uniformed EMPLOYEE (not Hill uniform — *staff* uniform)

supervising the eviction. Tepid. Aggressively normal. Name tag: HALBERT.
> GEORGE: He’s wearing an outside uniform. An employee — a wage, not a portfolio. He’ll have a line to whoever’s in charge.

Panel 2. They approach. Halbert, on autopilot:
> HALBERT: Booking? Or a tour of the site?
> GEORGE: …A tour, I suppose. Although actually I’d like to purchase the establishment.

Panel 3. Halbert doesn’t blink.
> HALBERT: Companies rent the building rights for events all the time. Conference? Party?
> GEORGE: You’ve misunderstood me very deeply. The *entire* boarding house. Lump sum. Hard credits.

Panel 4. Sophia, helpfully, with a sweet smile:
> SOPHIA: You should know my lord is serious. He’s the richest student alive as of noon, he owns a fraction of the money supply, and he bankrupted your parent company in thirty minutes.

Panel 5. Halbert. One slow blink. The unflappability cracks one millimeter.
> HALBERT: …So you’re why I’m about to lose my job. And I should trust you because?
> GEORGE: Because I also own the governance, and I’m hiring people who can make good decisions.

PAGE 3
Panel 1. Sophia yanks George aside by the sleeve, hissing:
> SOPHIA: Isn’t that *corruption?* Are we bringing back the old ways on day one?
> GEORGE (whispering back): I never said we were the good guys. And I never said “good decisions” meant siding with us.

Panel 2. Halbert, phone already out, deadpan, texting.
> HALBERT: Mm. Making a good decision now.
> CAPTION: He called security on them. George hired him for it three days later. (true — foreshadow, pays off off-page)

Panel 3. Two BODYGUARDS arrive — punk getups, cracked knuckles, paid muscle.
> THUG 1: We work for the *current ruling governance*, kids. On their clock till the assembly ends. Which means we get to detain —

Panel 4. George, wordless, opens his wallet. A gold card catches the light like a holy relic.
> GEORGE: Take a look at this card. It’s me now. I won the election.

PAGE 4
Panel 1. Sophia, genuinely puzzled, tugging his sleeve:

> SOPHIA: You won a *what?* What’s an “election”?
> GEORGE: …Never mind.

Panel 2 (wide, comedy beat). The two thugs walking away through the pristine gardens, getting smaller. The scenery is gorgeous. Birds. Sunshine.
> CAPTION: The scenery was pristine. With each step it felt a little brighter.

Panel 3. The thugs, tiny in the distance. One stops.
> THUG 1: …Hang on. Doesn’t that mean that kid is the sole reason we’re unemployed?

Panel 4. They turn around. The gate area: empty. George and Sophia are gone.
> SFX: (wind)

PAGE 5 — The Blunder
Panel 1. George and Sophia at the boarding house’s actual front door. George reaches for it — and stops, hand hovering.
> GEORGE: …I can’t buy a building by walking into it.
> SOPHIA: No. There’s an administration office. Contracts. A *supply chain.*

Panel 2. Flashback inset, game-styled (UI borders, pixel shimmer): George’s AVATAR in old Ex:Capita waving a hand over a building — PURCHASE? [Y/N].
> GEORGE (thought): In my old world you gestured at a building and owned it.
> GEORGE (thought): This world runs on its own physics. Paperwork is one of them.

Panel 3. Small panel, George pinching the bridge of his nose.
> CAPTION: His first blunder since arriving. He’d aced everything else.
> SOPHIA: The banks will be in a buying frenzy anyway, with real estate this cheap —
> GEORGE: They won’t. They *can’t.* Look at your phone.

PAGE 6 — The Rate
Panel 1. Sophia’s phone, huge in panel: INTEREST RATE: **20%** (prev. administration: 5%).
> SOPHIA: Twenty percent?! Who set —
> GEORGE: Nobody. That’s the point. *I* haven’t set a rate. There hasn’t been one for hours.

Panel 2. **LEDGER EYE — the chapter’s centerpiece spread.** A campus-wide aerial view rendered as a circulatory system seizing up: bank icons clutching collateral, credit lines snapping, a fever-chart of the rate climbing as PANIC fills the vacuum. Caption boxes annotate like a textbook:
> CAPTION (LEDGER): No defined rate → banks can’t price risk → credit freezes → everyone’s rating halves → debt service devours all activity.

> GEORGE: By *not* touching anything, I tripled the interest rate in an hour. Panic is a policy too.

Panel 3. Sophia, eyes narrowing — keeping pace:
> SOPHIA: …And panic deflates the currency while you sit on hard credit. You *wanted* this window.
> SOPHIA: The five-year bonds. The biggest surviving bank's junk is yielding 20% — you're going to buy at the bottom and then —

Panel 4. George, phone out. One thumb. Half a minute of screen-tapping rendered as a single tiny panel.
> GEORGE: — set the rate to two percent. Done, by the way.

PAGE 7
Panel 1. Sophia's phone: RATE: 2%. Bond prices on screen rocketing as yields collapse.
> SOPHIA: You just touched your phone for thirty seconds. It cannot have been good.
> GEORGE: I lowered interest to two percent.
> SOPHIA: I'm not surprised.

Panel 2. Her hand-drawn proto-Ledger overlay (her signature style — graph paper, pencil lines) sketching it out:
> SOPHIA (thought): Yields are inverse to price. 20 → 2… the five-year reprices to match… every bond converges on every other bond, arbitrage-free…
> SOPHIA: You doubled your money. You just earned back the *entire governance purchase.* In one afternoon.

Panel 3. Beat panel. Sophia looks at him the way she looked at the silver archives.
> SOPHIA: You're a genius, my lord. My family are bond people. I *know* what I just watched.

Panel 4. George, deflecting into the next problem instantly (character note: compliments bounce off; problems stick):
> GEORGE: It's unrealized. Liquidity's still frozen — I can't sell size without moving the price. We need leverage.
> SOPHIA: Leverage from *whom?* Nobody's extending credit in this market. There IS no credit.

PAGE 8 — The Fund
Panel 1. George, the slow grin of a man about to invent an institution:
> GEORGE: Then we make our own lender.
> SOPHIA: Even more corruption. Wonderful.

Panel 2. **LEDGER EYE — institutional diagram** (clean, blueprint-style — this one's a design, not a read): GOVERNMENT RESERVES → [SOVEREIGN WEALTH FUND] → investments across the whole market → returns → PUBLIC

BENEFIT. A second loop: printed money cycles THROUGH the fund before reaching spending.
> GEORGE: A sovereign wealth fund. Excess reserves put to work. New money cycles through the fund before it touches spending — forces planning instead of splurging.

Panel 3. Sophia, circling his blueprint with her pencil-overlay, adding to it:
> SOPHIA: …And if the fund buys into the banks, the fractional-reserve profits come under public purview. Investment as a leash. You could lobby reserve practices *downward* from the inside.

Panel 4. George and Sophia, walking again, the diagram floating between them, both editing it now — the visual of their partnership: ONE shared Ledger overlay, his glowing lines and her pencil lines interleaving.
> GEORGE: Sometimes it’s cheaper to buy a harmful organization than to regulate it.
> SOPHIA: And what stops the fund’s targets from just taking the money and changing nothing?
> GEORGE: Fear of missing the *next* round. The investment isn’t the leash. The pipeline is.

PAGE 9
Panel 1. Practicalities, walking:
> SOPHIA: Hedge it. Half into gold and your own inflation-linked bonds — and explain why anyone needs your fund when hedge funds exist.
> GEORGE: No management fees devouring the gains. And discipline — without quality rules you get feedback loops and paper profits no one can ever cash.

Panel 2. Sophia stops. Checks the sun. Course-corrects the entire chapter:
> SOPHIA: Administration building. Now. We’re buying a headquarters before you invent a fourth institution today.

Panel 3. George, already drifting:
> GEORGE: I *can* govern from anywhere, technically —
> SOPHIA: And your wealth is private bonds levered through a fund you founded an hour ago. If your own platform wobbles, you’re insolvent. You need a *building*, my lord. Walls. A door. Filing cabinets.

Panel 4 (the pivot panel — frame it with sudden warmth, soft background). Sophia, hands behind her back, suddenly not talking about buildings at all:
> SOPHIA: …The market’s on the way. Farms, stalls, the whole micro-kingdom. It’s our first day. We could get acquainted with the local economy — use the map for something other than utilitarian exploits.

PAGE 10
Panel 1. George, computing it as a TRADE, oblivious:
> GEORGE: Rates are falling, so the boarding house price is climbing while

we walk… but a cooling-off excursion has hedging properties, arguably, if the downside movement is three-to-one against —

Panel 2. Sophia, flatly, with maximum dignity:
> SOPHIA: I thought it would be *romantic*, my lord.

Panel 3 (page-turn beat). George.exe has stopped responding. The Ledger Eye overlay around his head flickers — and for the FIRST time, dissolves into static.
> LEDGER READOUT: ANALYZING… ANALYZING… ▒▒▒ERROR▒▒▒

> **END OF CHAPTER 4.** Next: the date. The eye that prices everything meets the one thing it can't.

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CHAPTER 5 — "Interpersonal Skill Building"
(≈15 pages. The date chapter. Source: the walk, the café, the archives, the first kiss.)

PAGE 1
Panel 1. Recover from the static. George reboots mid-stride.
> GEORGE: …It would be nice to know you better. You're the only student who *gets* me — who can keep rhythm with me.
> GEORGE: Let's call it a date. Even economists should rely on emotion sometimes. We're students in the prime of our dating career.

Panel 2 (the title-drop panel — give it room). Sophia, walking backward ahead of him, hands clasped behind her, the campus market opening up in the background:
> SOPHIA: Hm. If I were the type to over-analyze my feelings, I'd call this *"interpersonal skill building"* and set myself a curriculum.
> SOPHIA: But I go with the flow. So I'll call it **love.**

Panel 3. She taps her temple, professorial:
> SOPHIA: Thinking and feeling are separate, George. Reasoning your way to "there will be an emotional gain" is a fallacy of thought. The emotion *itself* brings more to the table than anything you can calculate about it.

Panel 4. George, attempting to flirt in the only language he has:
> GEORGE: Then — I love you, Sophia. Though I'd note you just over-analyzed emotion *while* arguing against over-analyzing emotion, which is —
> GEORGE: — which is something I've only ever seen in successful relationships. You make me giggly. That's the technical term.

PAGE 2
Panel 1. Sophia, pink-cheeked, immediately changing the subject at speed:
> SOPHIA: We should survey the local economic conditions. To prove we can spend time together wisely.
> SOPHIA: …And you're handsome, and less immature than your peers. But

you’re *fiscally conservative with your emotions*, George. You let them grow but never flow. Be more unorthodox.

Panel 2. George, with the misplaced confidence of a man who has never once been unorthodox:
> GEORGE: I disagree. My processing is Turing complete. I can run *any* program — including the entire emotional spectrum.

Panel 3. Sophia, blank:
> SOPHIA: What does “Turing complete” mean.

Panel 4. George points at a café across the market square — warm light, hand-painted sign.
> GEORGE: It means I can say: that café looks nice. Let’s go talk about ourselves. I’ll order anything you like —
> GEORGE: — or buy the entire shop if the menu’s too narrow. Because I want to hear more about you.

Panel 5. Sophia laughs — the first full, unguarded laugh of the series. Draw it big.
> SOPHIA: Talking about myself is my favorite thing in the world. It’s why I’m on this earth. Expression equals fun; fun is good; more fun is better; therefore expression is *most* good.
> SOPHIA: I would love to go to the café with you, George Mises.

PAGE 3 — The Walk
Panel 1 (wide, wordless). They walk to the café holding hands. Both stiff as boards. Both staring straight ahead.

Panel 2. Split panel — inside each head simultaneously:
> GEORGE (thought): She seems fine. Completely composed. I am the only nervous one.
> SOPHIA (thought): He seems composed. He must be terrified of actually having to buy a café to impress me. …That’s sweet.
> CAPTION: Their first miscommunication. Both wrong. Both, somehow, satisfied with the wrong answer.

Panel 3. Sophia, quietly:
> SOPHIA: …Sorry.
> GEORGE: You don’t have to be sorry. You’re entitled to your motivations. I’m only dating you because I love you.
> CAPTION: He believed this sentence was reassuring. By some miracle, it was.

PAGE 4 — The Café
Panel 1. George holds the door. Sophia’s arms go visibly weak — draw her hand losing grip on her bag strap.
> CAPTION: Not weakness. Embarrassment. The nerves in her arms had turned to putty.

Panel 2. Inside: cozy, student-run. Sophia points at the back:
> SOPHIA: There — the cushy booth seat.

Panel 3. She then sits in the hard plastic chair, pointing GEORGE into the comfortable seat. George opens his mouth —

Panel 4. — and closes it. Small panel, his eyes only.
> GEORGE (thought): I know exactly why she did that. Asking a “noble” woman to admit it out loud would be over the top.
> CAPTION: He was learning.

PAGE 5
Panel 1 (the silence panel — borderless, lots of white). The two of them across the table. No dialogue. Around the edges, tiny ambient whisper bubbles drift in from off-panel:
> WHISPERS: are they dating — / wait, that’s the new governor — / that’s the richest man in the territory —

Panel 2. They lock eyes and say it at the same time:
> BOTH: Time to order?

Panel 3. George, ordering with intent — the world’s least subtle influence operation:
> GEORGE: Poached eggs on sourdough. *No onions.*

Panel 4. Sophia, blushing at “no onions” (the implication lands), countering:
> SOPHIA: Lychee smoothie. And… poached eggs on sourdough. Also no onion.
> CAPTION: Signal received. Throat: frozen in place, unable to perform basic throat functions.

PAGE 6
Panel 1. George at the counter, card out, governor of the territory, voice cracking:
> GEORGE: Two poached eggs on sourdough, both no onion, one lychee smoothie. That’s all.

Panel 2. The COUNTER STUDENT, bellowing to the kitchen, saying the quiet part loud:
> COUNTER STUDENT: TWO POACHED EGGS, **GOOD BREATH STYLE!**

Panel 3. George power-walks back to the booth and sits with the rigid posture of a man at a salary-review meeting.
> CAPTION: He sat down as if expecting a raise and a promotion. There was only Sophia, waiting patiently. This was better and worse.

PAGE 7 — Hobbies
Panel 1. George, leaning in, genuine:
> GEORGE: The truth is I barely know you. Bond-trading family, terrifying acumen, pretty face — that’s my whole file. Tell me your interests. Your roots.

Panel 2. Sophia lights up — and the panel style shifts into HER overlay (graph paper, pencil lines):
> SOPHIA: The silver trade. In my spare time I chart the historical purity of silver in different nations' coins — against rainfall, crop yields, money supply, political stability. Cross-parameter trend prediction.

Panel 3. George, an actual romantic now, riffing:
> GEORGE: I'd have been a potato merchant in those eras. Five times the calories per acre — every wheat-merchant nation would've wanted me dead. Wheat trade *needs* scarcity. Potatoes flatten the board: surplus, freed land, freed time —
> SOPHIA: — for mines, housing, cotton. Speculative uses.
> GEORGE: …Marry me. *(beat)* That was the economics talking.

Panel 4. Sophia, smug, moving right along:
> SOPHIA: We can go toe-to-toe in medieval economics. Noted. But that's not my only passion. There are no uniforms at Capitalism Hill — so my fashion runs wild.
> SOPHIA: Which raises the question, George: **how do I look?**

PAGE 8 — The Dress
Panel 1 (FULL PAGE — the Sophia pin-up establishing panel; artists will reuse this as reference forever). Sophia presenting her outfit: yellow traditional skirt, the dress yellow-and-blue overall, white collar, blue ribbon centered below her collarbones, blonde hair kept to her shoulders, bright blue headband, blue eyes.
> GEORGE: The headband works. And the ribbon — it brings out the color in your cheeks.
> SOPHIA: The headband is *functional* — archery, sword practice, martial arts. Those are also interests.
> SOPHIA: I made the dress myself for the first day. Yellow is the color of capitalism — it's gold, and gold only enters the Hill in supply drops. The ribbon is blue because my eyes are.
> CAPTION: Color key for the whole series, stated by the character herself. Lock it in.

PAGE 9
Panel 1. George, sincerely overwhelmed:
> GEORGE: A polymath. No — a Renaissance woman. The truth is I have no skills outside economics. I can't cook for solace, or shoot for valor, or sew for hearth. I hyperfocus on papers while you build entire selves.
> GEORGE: You're exceptional, Sophia. I love you.

Panel 2. Sophia, returning fire with a full audit:
> SOPHIA: If I'm a polymath, you're a genius — and the one field I'd stake my name on, you outrank me in. When you took the Hill with *bankruptcy insurance* this morning, I fell. That's the truth.

Panel 3. George, the mask slipping into something raw:
> GEORGE: In public they're calling me "the young dictator." A lucky kid blown into power by mistake. Status, wealth, influence — I treat them like games when they should be reasons to do good. What do you think of all that?

Panel 4. Sophia, leaning forward, deadly serious for the first time this chapter:
> SOPHIA: I didn't fall for you because you fell into power. I fell for your *potential.* Everyone watched you grow a year in a day.
> SOPHIA: When I arrived this morning I thought I was better than everyone here — that's more harmful than treating the world like a chessboard, the way you do. I came to flip the board and rule without injustice. To make this place a utopia.

PAGE 10 — The Kiss
Panel 1. George, the analyst, beginning to ruin it:
> GEORGE (thought): What if she's confusing adoration for love —
> GEORGE: But adoration is not —

Panel 2. Sophia's fingers on his lips. Gentle. Final.
> SOPHIA: Stop right there.
> SOPHIA: I know adoration. Adoration is seeing a fine dress and wanting to own it. Today I saw a wild bird on a blossom bush — and I wanted to be a bird too. A kindred spirit. That's different.

Panel 3. She leans in. George's last firing thought-process, rendered as collapsing Ledger text around the panel edges:
> GEORGE (thought): I was never a telepath. All we have are words, and her words held no ill intent — the suspicion was my own projection, higher-dimensional noise on a one-dimensional signal —
> LEDGER READOUT (dissolving): VALUE: ▒▒▒ / VALUE: ∞ / ERROR

Panel 4 (FULL-WIDTH — the kiss). No overlay. No readout. No caption. The first completely unaugmented panel in the entire series. Just the two of them.

PAGE 11
Panel 1 (abstract spread — the series' one painterly page). Inside the kiss, rendered as imagery, split between their inner worlds: HIS — ego dissolving, "reality was just a projection of ego" as drifting text fragments; HERS — a black hole ringed by bent light, his shadow across her eyes like a veil, "gravity is inescapable; so are endorphins."
> CAPTION (his): In that moment, my ego died there. Love is everything.
> CAPTION (hers): We are in a new universe now. A lower frequency. It traps everything, for eternity, as one.

Panel 2. Sophia's tiny self-aware thought, puncturing the cosmos:
> SOPHIA (thought): …we have been kissing for thirty seconds in a café.

Panel 3. They surface. Standing beside the table, holding two plates and a smoothie with two straws, infinitely patient: a WAITRESS.
> WAITRESS: …Two poached eggs, no onion, on sourdough. One lychee smoothie.
> GEORGE: Sorry for keeping you waiting for us.
> WAITRESS: (saying nothing) (saying EVERYTHING with her eyes)

PAGE 12 — The Archives
Panel 1. Eating. Sophia elegant; George working up courage about The Kiss and failing, so he retreats to data:
> GEORGE: Where are you *from*, exactly?

Panel 2. Sophia pulls a bundle from her bag — papers with transparent plastic sheets pressed between, colorful imprints.
> SOPHIA: Silverton. Named for the historical silver concentration in its coins. My family heads the central bank — I'm the heir; first-born, best aptitude.
> SOPHIA: For my sixteenth birthday, I was given the archive of the REAL silver concentrations. The true mint records. I've been using them to excavate my nation's actual history.

Panel 3 (the signature mechanic — give it a half page). She aligns the transparent sheets on the table: layered lines — SILVER CONCENTRATION / POLITICAL EVENTS / RAINFALL / GROWTH — and where they stack, ANOMALIES bloom into visibility like constellations.
> SOPHIA: My trick. Overlay the parameters. The lies appear where the layers disagree.

Panel 4. George shifts one sheet slightly. His Ledger Eye and her pencil-world merge for the first time into a single combined overlay — gold lines through graph paper.
> GEORGE: Look — growth tracks concentration *per capita.* Population grows, silver grows, equilibrium. But growth *without* population — the concentration rises, the coin's conversion value rises, which feeds growth expectations —
> GEORGE: — a self-exciting cycle, even though total silver per data point never changed. Your coins were marking themselves to a story.

PAGE 13
Panel 1. Sophia SCRIBBLING — journal, then phone, ferocious, joy radiating.
> SOPHIA: — sorry. Rude. Turning on my device during our first date —
> GEORGE: The pleasure's mine. We're partners in this too. And the lecture was my fault anyway.

Panel 2. Sophia, soft, almost too quiet for the lettering:
> SOPHIA: My passions feel *affirmed* by you.

> (she attacks the lychee smoothie to break her own tension)
> SFX: *slurrrp*

Panel 3. George, all in:
> GEORGE: This was a lovely date. And — if you don't mind extending our time together — would you consider a relationship? As partners. The other kind. Also this kind. Both kinds.

Panel 4. Sophia stands to get closer. Decisive as a market order.
> SOPHIA: Of course we can be a couple, George.

PAGE 14
Panel 1. Sophia, checking the clock — 3:00 — instantly bifurcating into co-conspirator and chief of staff:
> SOPHIA: It's three o'clock. Administration building, boarding house, governance headquarters, *now.* …And yes. I really enjoyed our date today.

Panel 2. She grabs his hand.
> SOPHIA: Here. Let's walk together.
> GEORGE: Hug first. Are you a hug person? I think I could be considered a hug person.
> SOPHIA: Sure. I'm not really a hug person.

Panel 3. The hug. Sophia's eyes widen slightly against his shoulder.
> SOPHIA (thought): …he's *huge* up close.
> CAPTION: A ten-minute walk to the administration building. Plenty of time to hold hands. They both did the math. Neither said so.

Panel 4 (chapter close). Walking, hands linked. Sophia glances up:
> SOPHIA: Let me make your governance uniform. I'll need your measurements.
> CAPTION: She had two thousand silver pieces' worth of dressmaking behind her — half of it menswear, practiced in secret, for a future she'd been sewing toward since before she had anyone to sew for.

> **END OF CHAPTER 5.**

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CHAPTER 6 — "The Don"
(≈12 pages. Source: the uniform sketch, the administration chaos, the mafia gag, the purchase.)

PAGE 1
Panel 1. Walking. George hands Sophia a quick detailed sketch. Insert the sketch itself as an in-panel artifact: aggressively authoritarian coat, enormous buttons, epaulettes that have epaulettes.
> CAPTION: A dictator needs dictator clothes. Problem: in a world of privately run governments, "showing authority" was never invented as a genre. He had to design it from princes, nobles, and historical militaries.

Panel 2. Sophia studies the sketch with a professional's squint.
> SOPHIA: Well, it certainly shows authority. It's a *little* unorthodox.
> GEORGE: It wasn't that serious. Honestly any outfit you make —
> SOPHIA: I said unorthodox. I didn't say I couldn't pull it off.

Panel 3. Sophia, already planning, fingers ticking off:
> SOPHIA: Purchase first. Then fabric, large buttons, materials tomorrow — and your measurements.
> CAPTION: Measurements were, in her professional opinion, the hardest part of any garment. For reasons of intimacy. She had been preparing this opinion for years.

PAGE 2 — The Administration Building
Panel 1 (wide). They arrive — to CHAOS. A poster out front: PREMIUM BOARDING HOUSE — FOR SALE — and the price, slashed to ONE FIFTH expected value. Inside the lobby, shouting. Someone is being fired. Someone ELSE is trashing the place. A cluster of suited men argue at the entrance.

Panel 2. Sophia cracks her knuckles daintily.
> SOPHIA: Let me show you another of my interests. Social sense and negotiation. I always make the deal — at least for things I'm passionate about.

Panel 3. George, gallantly NOT mentioning what she negotiated out of him this morning:
> GEORGE (thought): She did negotiate a date, a relationship, and a kiss out of me within one business day of meeting me.
> GEORGE: …The floor is yours.

PAGE 3
Panel 1. Sophia glides into the cluster of arguing men:
> SOPHIA: Gentlemen, excuse me — is there an argument I could speak to the person in charge of?

Panel 2. A SWEAT-DRENCHED MAN in uniform, swaying, bottle-adjacent:
> DRENCHED MAN: Oh — hey, lady. These gentlemen don't want that man getting fired. *(leaning in, stage whisper)* They don't know they're ALL getting fired today.

Panel 3. Sophia's nostrils flag the alcohol. Her overlay (pencil-style) stamps him: CONSENT TO CONTRACT: QUESTIONABLE.
> SOPHIA: …Does this man have a boss?

Panel 4. ANOTHER MAN, helpfully:
> OTHER MAN: He works for the Don. Takes a sip of whiskey every time someone's kicked from the family. Tradition. Today he's kicking out the entire real-estate branch, so.
> (the drenched man toasts nobody)

PAGE 4 — The Misunderstanding
Panel 1. George — who has been listening from the side and assembling

exactly the wrong picture — pales. Quick-cut inset of his (incorrect) mental image: fedoras, tommy guns, a cleaver.
> GEORGE (thought): The Don. Family business. Whiskey for every member "kicked from the family."

Panel 2 (the gag panel — biggest in the chapter). George LUNGES into the group, arms spread protectively in front of the secretary:
> GEORGE: **DON'T CHOP HER FINGERS OFF — SHE HAS A FAMILY AND A PARTNER WHO LOVES HER!!**

Panel 3. Dead silence. Every head turned. The drenched man's drink pauses halfway to his mouth.

Panel 4. The drenched man, wheezing with laughter:
> DRENCHED MAN: What do you — *we're not the mafia.*

PAGE 5
Panel 1. Sophia, pinching her brow, translating for her governor:
> SOPHIA: "The Don" is his *older brother.* Family business. Donavan. The whiskey is because he's distraught — the real-estate branch is collapsing and the Don is its head.

Panel 2. The drenched man, delighted now, gesturing at the one woman in the suited group:
> DRENCHED MAN: Good to know "this Sophia" is loved, though! My secretary's not fired — she does the actual sales. Master at it. Talk to her.

Panel 3. George and Sophia, in unison, with identical relief:
> BOTH: That's lucky.

PAGE 6 — The Purchase
Panel 1. Sophia, to the SECRETARY, no preamble, market-order voice:
> SOPHIA: We need the Premium Boarding House. ASAP — it's nearly four. The promotional price *plus thirty percent*, all in hard online credits, right now.

Panel 2. The secretary produces a single sheet from a briefcase like a duelist drawing. Terms exchange in rapid-fire small panels: sheet → signature → bank ping → DONE.
> CAPTION: The transaction took minutes. It helped that George's stake had earned him a platinum account in one day — the governor-grade kind, with tax-free status. It helped more that the sovereign wealth fund's debt line was collateralized by his own bonds.
> CAPTION: He was, in the strictest technical sense, borrowing from himself to pay himself a discount on a building his own policies had crashed the price of.

Panel 3. The secretary hands over the deed.
> SECRETARY: Here you go.
> CAPTION: One hundred rooms. One fifth of value, plus thirty percent, minus

tax. The Hill’s most premium address, bought in the time it takes to poach an egg.

Panel 4 (chapter close). Outside, deed in hand, late-afternoon gold light. Sophia bumps his shoulder with hers.
> SOPHIA: Master keys are waiting for us at the house, with “an individual.”
> GEORGE: Materials on the way? The sketch was unclear on color — green or blue. Workman’s canvas. Fosters comradery.
> SOPHIA: Canvas, easy. Padding, so it’s not canvas-on-skin?
> GEORGE: Silk on canvas. The board’s *dropped* silk before, certainly — there’s an archive of every supply drop online —
> SOPHIA: I know. Researching the drop archive was one of the first things I did before coming here. The drops at this branch are plentiful.

> **PAGE 7 / final panel (full-width, the trap springing).** Sophia, walking ahead, tossing the next line over her shoulder casually — while George, behind her, stops dead mid-stride. His shadow stretches long. The Ledger Eye flickers on involuntarily and renders ONE readout, enormous, filling the dead air of the panel:
> SOPHIA: — the drops here at the **Ex:Capita Branch** are the best in the network.
> LEDGER READOUT: ⚠ NAME MATCH: 100%

> **END OF CHAPTER 6.** Next: where he really is. Who he really is. What “my lord” really meant.

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CHAPTER 7 — “Ex:Capita”
(≈15 pages. THE reveal chapter. Source: the name, the history, the confession, the crying scene.)

PAGE 1
Panel 1. Continuous from Ch. 6’s last panel. Sophia turns back — George is frozen three steps behind her, white.
> SOPHIA: You look like you’ve seen a ghost, George Mises. My lord.

Panel 2. George, voice not working right:
> GEORGE: …Ex:Capita. It sounds familiar. Like I’ve… been there before.

Panel 3. Sophia, brightening — she loves a lecture — settling into history-lesson mode. Her pencil-overlay opens like a storybook around the panel:
> SOPHIA: Then you slept through class. One hundred years ago, **twenty million people vanished from Ex:Capita in an instant.**

PAGE 2 — The History (Sophia’s storybook overlay: aged paper, woodcut style)
Panel 1. Woodcut-style: towering, glowing figures striding over a landscape of small ordinary people.

> SOPHIA (narrating): The most skilled and wealthy beings the lands had ever seen. Cognitive and physical abilities beyond all of us — exponentially.

Panel 2. Woodcut: ordinary people offering scrolls (quests) to the giants; coins raining back; the small people's storehouses draining.
> SOPHIA: They called *us* "NPCs." We were exploited for years. We posted quests with massive rewards to earn our livings from them — it nearly bankrupted us all.

Panel 3. Woodcut: the giants gone. Empty armor, empty thrones, dropped coins mid-air. The small people staring at the sky.
> SOPHIA: Then, between one heartbeat and the next — they disappeared. All twenty million. The world they treated as a game kept going without them.
> SOPHIA: A hundred years of our own generations, our own policies, our own history since.

PAGE 3
Panel 1. George, barely breathing. Internal cascade, Ledger fragments raining down the panel margins:
> GEORGE (thought): The game's timeline was set years before now. It never froze. It kept SIMULATING — NPC generations, policy drift, map expansion —

> GEORGE (thought): Capitalism Hill is a *territory of the game.* Sophia is descended from background characters mentioned in passing.
> GEORGE (thought): And I used my avatar's name as my name. Everyone accepted it because —

Panel 2. Mirror panel: George's reflection in a shop window — and the reflection is his AVATAR, identical, UI nameplate hovering: GEORGE MISES — Lv. 100.
> GEORGE (thought): — because I *am* my avatar. This is his body. That's why I'm suddenly tall. That's why I'm suddenly… attractive.

Panel 3. Sophia, watching his face with an unreadable care:
> SOPHIA: You should know the name, George. You're named after their magnate. …That's why they fear you, isn't it?

PAGE 4 — The Legend
Panel 1. Sophia's storybook overlay, final spread: one giant unlike the others — not striding over the small people but kneeling among them, handing out contracts, building the academy gate behind him. The giant's silhouette is unmistakably George's.
> SOPHIA: Everyone here grew up on the tales. **George Mises** rose by pure determination. He founded the modern academy, a hundred years ago. And unlike the rest — he went out of his way to *employ* us. The NPCs.
> SOPHIA: So you'll find devotees. People like me — and like whoever named you.

Panel 2. Tight on Sophia. The question she's been carrying since the assembly, finally undisguised in her eyes.

Panel 3 (small, quiet). George. The longest pause of the series.

PAGE 5 — The Confession
Panel 1 (FULL PAGE). George, facing her in the empty late-afternoon street, the boarding house golden on the hill behind them.
> GEORGE: I… um.
> GEORGE: I returned. I'm sorry I didn't tell you, Sophia.
> GEORGE: I'm the one they call **the Demon Lord of Wealth.**

PAGE 6
Panel 1. Sophia. Frozen. CAPTION carries the load:
> CAPTION: She froze — not because she didn't know. Because she wasn't *certain.* "My lord" had been a hypothesis. A hundred small tests.
> CAPTION: She froze because the Demon Lord of Wealth had just chosen to be honest with her.

Panel 2. Sophia, soft:
> SOPHIA: Yes, my lord. I've known for a while now. You're more than a gifted student.
> SOPHIA: I said nothing because… I wanted to see the man you are *now.* It's been a hundred years.

Panel 3. And then it hits her — the math of it — and her face comes apart. She sinks to the ground.
> SOPHIA (thought): A hundred years and he hasn't aged a day.
> SOPHIA (thought): We can never grow old together.

PAGE 7 — The Floor
Panel 1. George drops down WITH her — no hesitation, knees on cobblestone.
> GEORGE: I will always be there for you, Sophia.
> SOPHIA: *No you won't.*

Panel 2. George's internal correction — character growth rendered as a deleted Ledger readout:
> LEDGER READOUT: PREPARING REBUTTAL… ~~CANCELLED~~
> GEORGE (thought): She doesn't want a lecture on how I governed a century ago. She wants to be acknowledged. Heard. Loved.

Panel 3. George, gently, choosing the small true thing:
> GEORGE: This is your first day too. New comrades, new everything — it must be taking a toll. …We could visit your family in the summer holiday. If you'd like that.

Panel 4. Sophia nods through it — then says the real thing:
> SOPHIA: I'm not sure an immortal *should* fall in love with a mortal woman. Will you love me when I'm old, George Mises?

PAGE 8
Panel 1. George — and this answer should be drawn as the bravest thing he does in the whole story, braver than the bid:
> GEORGE: I want to find out. No matter what. I want to know where our fates lead.
> GEORGE: The truth is I want to love you — and keep your memory for eternity.

Panel 2. Sophia weeps HARDER. (Comedy and tragedy in the same beat — this is the series' tonal signature; let the artist play it warm.)
> SOPHIA: *Nobody has ever said that to me before — *

Panel 3. George, clarifying with the timing of a man defusing a bomb by reading the manual aloud:
> GEORGE: Also — noted for the record — I only reappeared a few days ago. I did NOT live the hundred years. I'm not immortal as far as I know. We may yet grow old together.

Panel 4. Sophia stops. Processes. Starts crying again at DOUBLE volume.
> SOPHIA: Then you could **disappear again** — for another hundred years — at ANY MOMENT —
> GEORGE: …wow. Okay. Sophia. Let's cherish our time together.
> CAPTION: It was all he could muster. It was, somehow, enough.

PAGE 9
Panel 1. She cries into his chest. He soothes her hair, awkward and absolutely committed.
> GEORGE (thought): The odds of being in the vanished cohort *twice* are mathematically negligible —
> GEORGE (out loud, abandoning the math): I hope you're right!
> SOPHIA (muffled, wet, laughing despite everything): That's MY line —

Panel 2. Quiet panel. Her breathing settling against him.
> GEORGE (thought): She's imperfect. *(beat)* And showing emotion was never weakness — it was only ever communication. Intimacy. How did a level-100 intelligence take eighteen years and one crying girl to derive that.

Panel 3. George, trying tenderness, getting it 80% right:
> GEORGE: We can postpone the uniform. Until you've… found it in yourself to accept the possibility of loss —
> GEORGE: *(small laugh)* You know, you're usually better at taking risks for what you want.

Panel 4 (the recovery panel — Sophia's whole character in one beat). Sophia lifts her head, eyes still wet, grin already loading:
> SOPHIA: Here's a risk for you.

Panel 5. She steals the second kiss. Quick. Decisive. Market order.
> CAPTION: Recovery time: world class.

PAGE 10 (chapter close)
Panel 1 (wide). They walk the last stretch to the boarding house, hands linked the entire way, the sky going pink. Small in the frame; the building large above them, warm windows.
> CAPTION: A demon lord, a hundred years late. An heiress who'd suspected since "my lord."
> CAPTION: Between them, eleven hours of history. It already outweighed the century.

Panel 2 (page-turn tease). At the boarding-house gate ahead: a lone FIGURE in glasses, pacing, searching for someone, a key ring glinting in his hand.
> SOPHIA: …Do you think he's looking for us?
> GEORGE: Yeah, I would assume so.

> **END OF CHAPTER 7.**

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CHAPTER 8 — "One Hundred Rooms"
(≈15 pages. Source: Donavan's keys, the gardens, the room conflict, the sewing night, soul mates, the carry.)

PAGE 1
Panel 1. The figure at the gate: broad, glasses, formal — DONAVAN. First full appearance.
> GEORGE: What — or who — are you looking for? We can help.
> DONAVAN: I'm Donavan. They call me Don. I'm looking to give a couple something very important.
> SOPHIA: Oh — the keys! We purchased the boarding house from your brother.

Panel 2. Donavan, with the exhausted candor of a man past pride:
> DONAVAN: I'm surprised you got a real-estate loan in *this* market. You're a lifesaver, honestly — we needed liquidity to survive the next day, so we sold a key asset below price. Better than dying with it.

Panel 3. George, incapable of small talk, defaulting to full disclosure:
> GEORGE: Well — actually we paid with debt through the sovereign wealth fund, which uses my private bonds as collateral to slow asset fire-sales, but that's a long story.

Panel 4. Donavan puts his glasses ON to look at George properly. Recognition lands.
> DONAVAN: …So you're using the governance already. *George Mises.* I've heard a great deal about you.
> GEORGE: The fund's profits flow to everyone's benefit. That's the design.

PAGE 2
Panel 1. Sophia, briskly mercantile, hand out:
> SOPHIA: We should take those keys off your hands, Donavan.
> DONAVAN: Here — everything you need, and a map of the building. *Please* study it.

Panel 2. George, making the chapter's quietest important move:
> GEORGE: Can I have your contact? I'm sure I could use capable hands in the governance.

Panel 3. Cards exchange. Sophia watches, saying nothing.
> SOPHIA (thought): Good. He's collecting people, not just assets. …He has no idea who he's collecting, but good.

PAGE 3 — The Gardens
Panel 1 (wide, lush). Through the gate: gardens in full glory — sculpted hedges, turning paths, gazebos, exotic flowers. Sophia and George small among it, heads tilted up.
> SOPHIA: Here's to our new governance headquarters.
> GEORGE: Here's to it. I'm so excited for our future.

Panel 2. Sophia, clocking the maintenance level:
> SOPHIA: …Good call getting his contact. We're going to need his gardener.
> GEORGE: Exactly. My senses never fail me.

Panel 3. Sophia, fond, behind his back:
> SOPHIA (thought): He has never once correctly identified a feeling before I labeled it for him. But he's always supportive. That's what counts.

PAGE 4 — The Race
Panel 1. The entry hall: huge wooden stairs, furniture intact, pale rectangles on the walls where paintings were removed. Echoing. Theirs.
> CAPTION: The tenants were gone. The furniture stayed. Only the paintings and the ornaments had been worth carrying.
> GEORGE: I want the very top floor.
> SOPHIA: Nah. I want it.

Panel 2 (action panel — play it like a shōnen sports beat). BOTH SPRINTING up the grand staircase. Sophia is FAST — athletic-interests-confirmed fast — taking the rail turn like a pro.
> SFX: *DADADADADA*

Panel 3. Sophia at the top-floor doorway, not even winded, calling down the stairwell:
> SOPHIA: Come look! There's a massive room!

Panel 4. George arrives wheezing — to find her already standing in the room he'd pre-selected off the map.
> GEORGE (thought): I read the map. I picked this room. I had a *plan.*

> CAPTION: Level-100 strength. Level-100 intelligence. The stat sheet does not include cardio against a motivated woman.

PAGE 5 — The Misfire
Panel 1. George, formulating a compromise — thought bubble shows his ACTUAL intent: a calendar, alternating days, “TURNS.”
> GEORGE: What if we shared —

Panel 2. Sophia, instantly, arms wide, supernova smile:
> SOPHIA: **YES. LET’S LIVE TOGETHER!**

Panel 3. George, panicking, deploying the worst possible word:
> GEORGE: **No — **

Panel 4. Frame the silence. Sophia’s smile dying by degrees. Her own realization arriving — *too fast, I said it too fast* —
> SOPHIA: …Are you thinking we’re going too fast, George?
> GEORGE: We’re going fast *by other people’s standards* —
> CAPTION: Technically true. Maximally unhelpful.

Panel 5. The door of the big room closes with her on the inside. Soft, not slammed — which is worse.
> SFX: *click*

PAGE 6
Panel 1. George alone in the corridor of his hundred-room building.
> GEORGE: …Sophia. I’m taking a smaller room for the night. Please think it over — come to a decision tomorrow. I’ll see you when you’re ready.
> SOPHIA (through door, small): Good night.

Panel 2. George passes a dozen perfectly good bedrooms and lies down on the central-room SOFA, fully dressed, guilt-configured.
> CAPTION: He owned one hundred rooms. Guilt assigned him the sofa.

PAGE 7 — The Owl
Panel 1 (dream panel — soft borders, sepia). A WISE OLD OWL on a branch, enormous, lecturing a tiny dream-George in a nightcap.
> OWL: You and that girl reached, in one day, a page some friends never reach in years of friendship.
> OWL: Do not take that for granted, boy.

Panel 2. Tiny dream-George, taking notes.
> DREAM GEORGE: Is this… emotional intelligence? Is it free? What’s the licensing —
> OWL: *Go apologize at dawn.*

PAGE 8 — Her Night
Panel 1. Sophia in the huge bed, rolling. Rolling. ROLLING. (Three repeated mini-panels.)
> SOPHIA (thought): I have never been on a date before today. I have never kissed anyone before today. And I just proposed COHABITATION at hour

eleven —
> SOPHIA (thought): …no. No, I’m PROUD of my ambition. I was even going to give us separate sub-rooms within the room. I had a FLOOR PLAN.

Panel 2. She gives up on sleep, slips out for air — and pauses at the central room. Snoring within. She looks in on the sofa-lump that is George.
> SOPHIA (thought): How can this defenseless little man sleep so *well* under all that guilt?
> SOPHIA (thought): …Is sleeping soundly evidence he doesn’t want to go further? *(beat)* No. Insomnia is not a love language, Sophia.

Panel 3. Her solution — the Sophia solution: she keeps walking, but not back to bed. Toward the second building. The MAIDS’ QUARTERS. Light clicks on in its window.
> CAPTION: She processed feelings the way she processed silver data: with her hands.

PAGE 9 — The Search
Panel 1. Morning. George at her door, knocking. Again. AGAIN. No answer. He opens it: her things present, Sophia absent.
> GEORGE: Sophia?

Panel 2 (frantic montage — six small panels). The gazebo: no. The garden: no. The kitchen: no (“it would be empty of food” — he checks anyway). Room after room after room, an hour of it, his composure dissolving panel by panel.
> GEORGE: WHERE ARE YOU, SOPHIA?
> CAPTION: He searched every room. Skipping, every pass, the maids’ quarters in the “inferior” second building — because his mental map of her had no inferior rooms in it.

Panel 3. Back in her room, gutted — then, through her WINDOW: the light still on in the maids’ quarters.

PAGE 10
Panel 1. George bursts in — and stops.
Panel 2 (the image of the chapter — full width, hold it). Sophia, asleep at a sewing machine, cheek on her arm. Beside her: a HALF-FINISHED UNIFORM — his uniform, the dictator coat — sewn entirely from leftover curtain fabric scavenged from storage.
> CAPTION: She couldn’t sleep. So she built him something to wear.

Panel 3. He touches the half-done sleeve. Recognizes the fabric. The Ledger Eye flickers on, prices the materials at almost nothing —
> LEDGER READOUT: MATERIALS: ~0 cr / VALUE: ∞ ▒ERROR▒
Panel 4. — he taps her shoulder. She surfaces slowly, by stages.
> SOPHIA: …How did you find me?
> GEORGE: I spent an hour searching. Calling your name. I thought you’d disappeared, or been kidnapped —

> SOPHIA: *(holding up the half-uniform)* I couldn’t sleep. My hobbies put me to sleep sometimes. So I… practiced your design. To clear my mind.

PAGE 11 — Soul Mates
Panel 1. George, sitting down beside the sewing machine on a footstool too small for him:
> GEORGE: I dreamed of an owl last night. It said we’d connected more in a day than some friends do in a year — and that I shouldn’t take it for granted. I have a feeling that’s what you were trying to tell me.

Panel 2. Sophia, raw, morning-honest:
> SOPHIA: When I see you, I flood. I noticed it during the first kiss — my ego just… burst.
> GEORGE: I know. I had it too. I couldn’t tell where I ended and you began — and it didn’t stop until I lost you behind that door.

Panel 3. Sophia, finding the word:
> SOPHIA: Then this is what soul mates means. I want to be together forever. I never want to dissolve into greed, anger, apathy — ever again.
> GEORGE: Soul mates. That’s the right word. Hear, hear.

Panel 4. George stands, businesslike tenderness:
> GEORGE: I’m taking you to your room. You’re sleeping properly.
> SOPHIA: Sure. I’m still very tired, George —

PAGE 12 — The Carry
Panel 1 (BIG). He scoops her — back and knees — in one effortless motion. Princess carry. Her eyes go wide.

Panel 2. The walk through the morning corridors, her in his arms. EXPOSITION OVERLAY — game-UI style, the avatar stat sheet finally shown in full beside them:
> GEORGE MISES — Lv. 100 / STRENGTH 100 / INTELLIGENCE 100 / CHARISMA 100 / EMOTION 100 / LUCK 100
> CAPTION: In Ex:Capita, abilities weren’t allocated — they were *ground for*, one by one, to the cap. Strength for the mines and for resilience. Charisma for influence. Emotion for attunement. Intelligence for everything else.
> CAPTION: George Mises had maxed all of them. He may, by the numbers, be the smartest individual in this world.
> CAPTION: The numbers say nothing about whether he uses any of it.

Panel 3. Sophia, against his chest, suspicious of physics:
> SOPHIA: Why are you so strong? You carried me the whole way at speed without a single drop of sweat.
> GEORGE: My powers as the Demon Lord of Wealth. I worked very hard amassing my early fortune. …I may be the luckiest man on earth.

Panel 4. Split-thought panel — the series' dramatic-irony engine in miniature:
> SOPHIA (thought, melting): The luckiest — because of *me*. He means me.
> GEORGE (thought, calculating): Luck stat: 100. The insurance fluke could literally be the stat expressing. …Meeting Sophia, too? Charisma, luck, or both in tandem —
> CAPTION: Both correct. Neither aware.

PAGE 13 (chapter close)
Panel 1. He sets her down in her bed. Draws the curtain. Leaves her privacy and quiet.
Panel 2. A note slides under her door, in careful handwriting:
> NOTE: Gone food shopping — pantry is empty. Lock is yours. — G
Panel 3 (wide). George at the front gate in morning light, keys in hand, locking up behind him — the richest man and sitting governor of the territory, off to buy groceries on foot.
> CAPTION: Several hours to himself. A pantry to fill.
> CAPTION: It occurred to him, halfway down the hill, that he should bring his partner flowers.

> **END OF CHAPTER 8.**

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CHAPTER 9 — "Groceries for the Demon Lord"
(≈15 pages. The worldbuilding-comedy chapter. Source: the supermarket, the florist, the tricycle, the Silverton trap, the board game.)

PAGE 1
Panel 1 (wide). THE SUPERMARKET — the chapter's true protagonist. Establishing interior: aisles of the gently impossible.
> CAPTION: His first other-world shopping trip. The governor of the territory, with a basket.

Panel 2–4 (worldbuilding strip — three quick aisle gags).
- Panel 2: A shelf of GOLD AND SILVER BULLION between the cereal and the rice. Price-per-gram tags.
- Panel 3: The produce wall: FIVE varieties of every vegetable, TWENTY of tomato, purple/orange/white carrots. A sign: KNOW YOUR VARIETY — chilies sorted by intensity "to minimize consumer risk."
- Panel 4: George passing the SOLAR PANEL aisle.
> GEORGE (thought): No mines, so power generation sells retail. Naturally.

PAGE 2 — The Apothecary
Panel 1. The apothecary aisle: herbal remedies, dozens of NEW unlabeled varieties that "popped up" since the governance change. Potions: "FOR MEN ONLY." "FOR WOMEN ONLY." Several with no ingredient list at all.
> GEORGE (thought): No labels. No ingredients listed. All of them *recent.*

All of them since MY deregulation.
> GEORGE (thought): *(taking a mental note like a man filing future litigation)* The apothecary section is the tip of an iceberg. Noted, future George.

Panel 2. A STAIRCASE leading DOWN. Signage: adult-adjacent silhouettes — toys, alcohol, miscellany. Perfectly normal shoppers coming and going with contraband tucked between their groceries.
> GEORGE (thought): A governor near the risqué basement undermines credibility… *(watching a sweet old lady emerge with a bottle and a puzzle box)* …although the entire territory is aged eighteen to twenty-one. Experimentation is the demographic.

Panel 3. George veers AWAY from the stairs with the rigid dignity of elected office, toward:
> SIGN: FLOWERS →

PAGE 3 — The Florist
Panel 1. The flower section. George before the LOTUS display, struck.
> GEORGE (thought): The lotus. …Perfect.

Panel 2. A friendly FLORIST appears, guides him to the FLOWER BAR — a smorgasbord of stems behind a counter, built-to-order.
> FLORIST: Custom arrangement?
> GEORGE: The perfect lotus-themed arrangement. It needs to convey, through the thousand words of flower arrangement… love.

Panel 3 (montage). The build: the florist working; George consulted on lily comparisons, pointing at favorites; BLUE chosen as the supporting color — to pop the pink lotus, and to match her eyes and dress.
> CAPTION: He had opinions. He had never once had opinions about flowers before. The opinions were all, on inspection, about Sophia.

Panel 4. The result, presented: patterned teal and pink, big blooms structured, small blooms piled for scent.
> GEORGE: …And is there a service for carrying more than I can hold?
> FLORIST: *(pointing)* Electric tricycle rentals at the counter. *(beat)* You pay for flowers HERE at the bar, though. Groceries separately.
> GEORGE: *(already walking off with the bouquet)* — right. Yes. Sorry.

PAGE 4
Panel 1. George shopping the familiar-ingredients aisles with sudden, startling competence — checking, smelling, selecting.
> CAPTION: Ex:Capita was full-dive. It simulated cooking *perfectly*, every step. “Chef” was one of his earliest job titles, leveled to cap.
> CAPTION: Like Sophia, George was a polymath. Unlike Sophia, he kept it in inventory.

Panel 2. Around him, OTHER SHOPPERS staring. Whisper bubbles, less friendly than the café's:
> WHISPERS: that's him — / deleted EVERY policy and replaced none — / spends his time on *romance* — / ruthless AND lazy —
> CAPTION: A well-warranted rumor, in fairness. He had removed every policy on the books and, thus far, added almost nothing. The honeymoon was literal.

Panel 3. Checkout. The CASHIER opens the customary haggle; the line behind braces for sport.
> CASHIER: Opening offer on the basket —
> GEORGE: Full price, please.
> *(the entire LINE turns — refusing to haggle is the strangest thing he's done all chapter)*
> GEORGE: …And one electric tricycle rental.

PAGE 5 — Delivery
Panel 1. George piloting the ELECTRIC TRICYCLE up the hill — front seat, cargo tray behind, a sideways passenger seat. Bouquet hidden in the cargo with tradecraft.
Panel 2. Home. Unloading into fridge and pantry, directory by directory — and Sophia appears mid-task, sleeves rolled, helping without being asked. Domestic montage beat.
> SOPHIA: What are we cooking? I'm a good cook, you know — I can help —
> GEORGE: I haven't finished unpacking.

Panel 3 (the flowers panel — warm, simple). He produces the hidden bouquet. Sophia's face. She leans in to smell — then up — kiss number three.
> SOPHIA: They're amazing. Center table. *Middle* of the center table.

Panel 4. Practicalities resuming on the spot, in stereo (their love language):
> GEORGE: We should call Donavan — gardens, and maybe governance strategy —
> SOPHIA: Return the tricycle first.

PAGE 6 — The Ride
Panel 1 (wide, lovely). The tricycle, two-up: George driving, Sophia sideways in the passenger seat, hair in the wind, campus rolling by.
> SOPHIA: It climbed that hill without strain — and the recharge is just *swapping two liquids?* Whoever designed this is a genius like you, George.
> GEORGE: It's switching electrolytes. Simple. The hard part is finding ones that last and don't poison anyone.

Panel 2. George, being George, gently complicating the compliment:
> GEORGE: Silverton runs bulkier EVs — slower charge, higher voltage, holds it longer. They weighed the same trade-offs and landed elsewhere. Industrial carrying capacity has its own opportunity cost.

Panel 3. Sophia’s amazement at the tricycle visibly deflates one notch — replaced by something heavier. She looks at her hands.
> SOPHIA: …Silverton. Can I show you a problem, George? A real one. Mine.

PAGE 7 — The Silverton Trap
(The chapter’s Ledger centerpiece — a TWO-PAGE SPREAD, pages 7–8. Sophia’s pencil-overlay and George’s gold Ledger fully merged: a great circular diagram, a nation on a wheel.)

Spread layout: SILVERTON at center. The trap drawn as an ouroboros of arrows around it:
1. EXPORT MINERALS → currency strengthens →
2. imports get cheap → IMPORTS FLOOD IN →
3. strong currency makes extraction uneconomical → EXTRACTABLE SILVER SUPPLY FALLS →
4. coin silver-concentration pressured ↓ → coin value pressured ↓ →
5. must spend HARDER on imports to keep growth → must extract MORE → return to 1, tighter.
A second, darker ring outside it: DEBT — denominated in Silverton silver coins whose concentration RISES over time with growth — so the debt grows in real terms as the nation succeeds.

> SOPHIA: We export minerals; the currency climbs; imports flood; the climb makes our own extraction unprofitable. And our debts are written in our own silver — minted richer and richer as we grow — so the better we do, the more we owe.
> GEORGE: So you can’t strengthen — extraction dies. You can’t weaken — imports and growth die. You’re sentenced to *running.* Spend faster, grow faster, dig faster. Forever. Am I right?
> SOPHIA: …And then there’s the debt.

PAGE 9 — The Heresy
Panel 1. George, eyes on the road, dropping doctrine like loose change:
> GEORGE: Then tighten reserves. Near-FULL reserve, overnight. The unit count collapses — the *real* silver concentration per circulating unit jumps in a day. Speculation cools; finance stops cannibalizing extraction.
> GEORGE: Your central bank isn’t even the sole mint, Sophia. Every fractional-reserve bank is printing your coin. I’d call that counterfeiting.

Panel 2. The kicker, delivered flat:
> GEORGE: Then let the old debts be repaid in the *old* fractional silver — banned from ever re-expanding. The debt drowns in the money that made it.

Panel 3. Sophia — scandalized, delighted, scandalized at being delighted:
> SOPHIA: That’s *harsh*, George. Repaying creditors in worthless silver —
> SOPHIA: *(beat, quieter, almost a confession)* I can see your frustration with fractional reserve. I like it. It hits the core. It’s honestly… a very

attractive side of you.
> CAPTION: In Silverton’s great families, this exchange constitutes flirting.

PAGE 10 — The Dungeon
Panel 1. Back at the supermarket. Sophia, suddenly:
> SOPHIA: I need to go downstairs for a second.
> *(she’s gone)*

Panel 2. George, returning the tricycle at the stand, signing the rental — internally COMBUSTING:
> GEORGE (thought): Downstairs. The basement. What could Sophia possibly need from the *basement.*

Panel 3. George descends into the forbidden zone like a man entering a raid instance — and finds:
Panel 4 (deflation gag — wide). …a brightly lit, wholesome bazaar. The “toys” are TOYS — puzzles, with a play area, people solving them. The “illicit substances” are DOG TOYS. There’s a VET. A pet groomer.
> GEORGE (thought): The toys are just toys.
> CAPTION: The puzzles sat beside the alcohol because of a local tradition: prove your intelligence by solving incrementally harder puzzles while taking incrementally harder liquor. The dog toys were downstairs because dogs aren’t allowed upstairs. The doctor next to the alcohol was, George assessed, a public-relations ploy by the alcohol industry. Everything had a reason. None of the reasons were scandalous. He had never been so disappointed to be wrong about a basement.

PAGE 11 — The Board Game
Panel 1. He finds Sophia at the puzzle section’s border (next to feminine hygiene, supplements, and shavers — the zoning here is chaos) holding a BIG BOXED GAME: a fantasy dungeon-crawler, newest release of a famous puzzle brand.
> SOPHIA: Supply-drop release. Do you have anyone to play with?
> GEORGE: I’d join. We could host — you know people?
> SOPHIA: I know a woman. **Amelia.** You have to meet her. And you call Donavan — gardens, and invite him. *(beat)* Is it weird inviting the previous owner to the housewarming?
> GEORGE: We’ll show him the building went to good hands. He’s welcome anytime.

Panel 2. The register. The price: TEN TIMES any other board game. George, paying, experiencing consumer guilt for the first recorded time — then leaning into it:
> GEORGE: *(quietly, to the box, with an actual purr)* …Limited edition.
> SOPHIA: Limited by how many they can *sell.* Drop items are duplicated and automated — this is just the studied original. Modded copycats will flood the Hill within a month. They always do.
> GEORGE: *(already paid)* Limited. Edition.

PAGE 12
Panel 1. Outside, the calls. Split panel, two phone conversations:
- LEFT — George & DONAVAN: Donavan’s face cycling distress (the property’s housewarming?!) → interest (a board game theme, though…).
- RIGHT — Sophia & AMELIA: Amelia’s single question rendered as text — “will Donavan be there?” → Sophia: “yes” → Amelia: “I’m coming.”
> CAPTION: George didn’t think to tell Donavan that Amelia was coming. He didn’t know they knew each other.
> CAPTION: Sophia knew considerably more than she was letting on. Sophia usually does.

Panel 2. Walking home, the box under George’s arm.
> GEORGE: A dungeon crawler. I was an *expert* at Ex:Capita. This will be a breeze.
> CAPTION: It was, they would discover, a pure skill game built on puzzles of EMOTIONAL intelligence.
> CAPTION: A stat George had technically maxed and never once equipped.

Panel 3 (time-skip montage — one wide panel, vignettes). The week: cooking practice together; measurement day (Sophia with the tape, dying with dignity; George holding still like furniture); the uniform assembling piece by piece on a dress form.
> CAPTION: The week passed in what felt like an instant.

Panel 4 (chapter close — the uniform reveal). George in the FINISHED uniform: silk lining, canvas shell, the big buttons, warm against the Hill’s chill. He turns his collar up; actually feels the cold for once and grins about it.
> CAPTION: The cold felt real. After two years of synthetic full-dive cold, *real* was the luxury.
> GEORGE: Sophia. It’s perfect.
> SFX (door): *KNOCK KNOCK*
> SOPHIA: They’re here.

> **END OF CHAPTER 9.**

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CHAPTER 10 — “Realistic Difficulty”
(≈14 pages. The party and the game. Source: arrivals, the family backstory, the dungeon session, the author’s note.)

PAGE 1
Panel 1. The door opens. DONAVAN on the step, formal, holding himself like a man at his own former house. Which he is.
> SOPHIA: Welcome — please, come in, make yourself at home.
> CAPTION: He had spent the week ashamed of how he’d demonized the buyers. Financial stress writes its own dialogue.

Panel 2. George deploys local etiquette, carefully rehearsed:
> GEORGE: I hope you're doing well. *The commerce spirits are not angry, I trust?*
> CAPTION: The polite financial-health greeting — the local "bless you." He'd practiced it in a mirror.

Panel 3. Donavan, disarmed, answers the quiet part out loud:
> DONAVAN: Still mourning the place, honestly. But it's gone to lovely owners. …The truth is I was rude before. I never told you the furniture conveys, or that the gardens need specialists — *one* company on the whole Hill handles these exotics. I shouldn't have lashed out. At you. Or at the flowers.

Panel 4. George LAUGHS — real, surprised:
> GEORGE: You noticed the flowers declining too! It's no longer your responsibility — even if saving them is impossible for us, it's OUR impossible now. …Honestly, I spent the week working up the courage to call you about the gardeners.
> DONAVAN: Takes courage to admit you need help. *(passing a business card)* Here.

PAGE 2 — Amelia
Panel 1. Cards mid-exchange — SECOND KNOCK.
> SOPHIA: Come on in, Amelia!

Panel 2 (comedy timing — three beats stacked vertically).
- Beat 1: DONAVAN freezes. Total system halt.
- Beat 2: Donavan DROPS — half-collapses toward the floor.
- Beat 3: Donavan recovers to standing, disoriented, pretending nothing happened, glasses askew.

Panel 3. AMELIA enters: composed steel, immaculate, Sophia's coloring run through a colder palette.
> SOPHIA: Long time no see, *cousin.*
> GEORGE (thought): Cousin?! That explains the day-two friend network —

Panel 4. Amelia clocks Donavan. A precise nod. The faintest blush, ruthlessly suppressed.
> AMELIA: Donavan.
> DONAVAN: *(a sound that is not a word)*

PAGE 3 — The Families (backstory interlude — Sophia's storybook overlay returns, two heraldic crests facing off)
Panel 1. Crest one: SOPHIA & AMELIA's family — the CENTRAL BANK of Silverton. Monetary power. Coins and scales.
Panel 2. Crest two: DONAVAN's family — closest to Silverton's CEO. Fiscal power. Keys and ledgers.
> CAPTION: Two great houses, entirely unrelated, perfectly balanced — the split between Silverton's money and Silverton's state.

> CAPTION: Donavan and Amelia: same age, same standing, compared against each other their entire lives. Inevitably. Constantly. By everyone.
Panel 3. Small present-day panel: Sophia, sotto voce to George:
> SOPHIA: I'll fill you in on Donavan and our families later.
> GEORGE: *(nodding sagely, understanding nothing)*

PAGE 4 — Setup
Panel 1. The central room. The board game deployed across the big table — beside the (gently wilting) lotus arrangement from days ago. Classic board, distinct carved pieces.
> GEORGE: Have you played before, Donavan?
> DONAVAN: Never. This will be fun.
> GEORGE: It's a hard one. But it'll show off what we've all learned over the years — dungeon crawling with party turmoil at every step. Resource allocation, loot distribution, ration portions… and randomized character flaws.

Panel 2. Sophia, hostess-voice:
> SOPHIA: Crisps and drinks for everyone — and there's the TV for movies later. Make yourselves at home. I want us all to get along.

Panel 3. Amelia, taking a seat, opening her own agenda with zero preamble:
> AMELIA: I want to get to know George better. To see if he's a *good suit.* — How long have you two been together?
> SOPHIA: One week. But we've been passionate from the start. He's skilled at economics like I am, Amelia. I could not have asked for a better suit.
> CAPTION: In these families, romance is conducted in mergers-and-acquisitions vocabulary. Nobody at the table finds this strange.

Panel 4. Donavan, rallying:
> DONAVAN: Well — I can't wait for the game to begin.
> AMELIA: You like gaming, *Don?* I don't think we've played since we both enrolled.
> DONAVAN: That's because we know YOU always win.
> AMELIA: I can't hold a candle to Sophia's strategy. And you could *practice*, if you wanted to be good at things —
> SOPHIA: *(to George, delighted)* It was Amelia who first started calling him "Don," you know.

PAGE 5 — Roles
Panel 1. George walks deeper into the room after a cue of silence, turns — and something in his posture CHANGES. Shoulders set. The strategist arrives.
> GEORGE: Let the games begin.

Panel 2. Piece selection, panel per player, fighting-game character-select energy:
- GEORGE — **THE STRATEGIST.** Lowest stats on the board; the MEETING skill (pause time, decide the party's action). If he dies, game over. The king

piece.
- SOPHIA — **THE HOARDER.** Carries everything. The other piece that cannot die.
- DONAVAN — **THE KNIGHT.** The wall, the sword.
- AMELIA — **THE ALCHEMIST.** Brews and THROWS potions.
> GEORGE: Two critical roles: hoarder and strategist — neither can fall. But no progress without fighting and healing, so knight and alchemist are secondary-critical. Tertiary roles — butcher, cook — the strategist absorbs at a penalty.
> SOPHIA (thought): *(watching him)* He's… fully transformed. He's really into the strategist position.

Panel 3. The difficulty vote. Four hands. Unanimous.
> SETTING: **"REALISTIC."** — the hardest mode. Interpersonal random events: ON.
> CAPTION: Four economists chose maximum scarcity *with* feelings enabled. For fun. This is what fun is, to these people.

PAGE 6 — The Water Problem
Panel 1. In-game overlay style (the game's own aesthetic: woodcut-meets-board-tokens — keep it distinct from Ledger Eye and Sophia-pencil). The party tokens at a dungeon mouth. First crisis, turn one:
> AMELIA: Brewing takes enormous water per turn. Potions hydrate *worse* than the water they consume. So: do I brew, or do we drink?
> DONAVAN: Buy ingredients topside with starting capital, use free surface water —
> SOPHIA: With WHAT funds? Gear costs everything we have. We could loot the dungeon for funds, but looting needs gear, and gear needs funds —
> CAPTION: It was, all four slowly realized, less a game than an economics simulation wearing a fantasy hat. They had paid ten-times retail to do their day jobs.

Panel 2. Hours-pass montage strip: tokens advancing; crisps demolished; Donavan and Amelia unconsciously high-fiving over a kill, then both retracting hands, mortified.
> SFX: *clack clack clack*

PAGE 7 — The Strategy
Panel 1. Deep-dungeon crisis table-shot. Everyone stuck. George's MEETING skill token slams down — time, in-game, stops.
> GEORGE: What if we don't loot on the way DOWN at all?

Panel 2. The plan, diagrammed in the game's woodcut overlay — the chapter's Ledger-equivalent set piece:
> GEORGE: Loot is worth MORE the deeper we go — and we keep entering half-cargo: half water-and-potions, half "space for loot" we fill with shallow junk. Crude swords from the first mobs that we never sell and *always carry.*
> GEORGE: Instead: descend FULL — all water, all potions. We drink

ourselves empty as we go… and loot the good floors on the way back UP, into the space the water used to fill.
> GEORGE: The descent is the supply chain. The ascent is the harvest.

Panel 3. Donavan, staring at the board, then at George:
> DONAVAN: …Sure. We can do that. That's actually a very smart and reasonable proposition.
> SOPHIA: Let's run it and FINISH — it's been five hours and I want us actually *talking* before midnight.

PAGE 8 — Victory
Panel 1 (the boss panel — let the artist go big in the woodcut style). The final boss falls. Four tokens standing. Sixth hour.
> SFX: *THOOM*

Panel 2. The spoils: a medal — and a CODE, opening a small sealed trinket box inside the game box. Within: a folded NOTE from the game's author.

Panel 3 (quiet panel — hold it). The four of them reading it together under the lamp, heads bent over one page.
> NOTE (excerpted on-panel): "…I built this game alone for years before it made it big. It was never the puzzles that carried me. It was the friends who tested every broken version, and stayed. Whatever you fought in these dungeons — I hope you fought it together."
> CAPTION: It was a very deep moment for everyone. Nobody at the table said so out loud. All four were thinking it at identical volume.

Panel 4 (chapter close). Sophia, standing, clapping once, eyes suspiciously bright, gesturing at the giant TV:
> SOPHIA: Movie time. But FIRST — a discussion. I'll start. *(beat, grin)* The topic is: the story of George and me.
> GEORGE: The topic is *what.*

> **END OF CHAPTER 10.**

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CHAPTER 11 — "The Student Film" (Season Finale)
(≈16 pages. Source: the discussion circle, the customs misunderstanding, the confessions, the movie reveal, the merger.)

PAGE 1
Panel 1. The four around the table, game packed away, drinks refreshed. Sophia recapping the week — drawn as a rapid chibi-recap strip floating above her: the speech, the bid, the café, the kiss, the reveal (redacted — a chibi George with a censor bar labeled SPOILERS), the sewing night.
> SOPHIA: — and that brings us to tonight. One week.

Panel 2. Amelia, eyebrow arched, genuinely thrown:
> AMELIA: Wait. You committed to a *date* after a single day?

> AMELIA: In Silverton, dating only comes when you're close to **Committing.** Here on the Hill it's backwards — dating first, relationship after several dates.

Panel 3. Sophia FREEZES. Glass halfway to mouth. Slow pan to George.
> SOPHIA: …Is this true? George. When you asked me to "date" — I thought you were *committing* from the start. When we kissed — were you not —
> CAPTION: She had read "let's call it a date" through Silverton grammar: the kiss was a covenant. He had said it in Hill grammar: the kiss was a promising pilot program.

PAGE 2 — The Save
Panel 1. Every eye on George. Donavan braced. Amelia taking notes (literally — small notebook, evaluating the suit).

Panel 2 (George's best panel of the finale — frame him warm, no Ledger overlay, plain human).
> GEORGE: Our relationship did and *didn't* form the typical way — because its intensity runs past where the definitions can follow.
> GEORGE: Cultural misunderstandings are quirks of our pasts. We embrace them; we don't get held back by them. Not while we both hold the feelings. And I hold them.

Panel 3. Reaction split-panel:
- DONAVAN: visibly cringing into his drink.
- AMELIA: hand to chest, warm, EMOTIONAL — fully moved.
- SOPHIA: unfrozen, smiling, crisis dissolved.

Panel 4. And on Donavan — watching AMELIA be moved by another man's words — something hot and unfamiliar crosses his face.
> DONAVAN (thought): Why is my heart — I'm *jealous?* Of GEORGE? For making her feel —
> DONAVAN (thought): …She's frightened me my whole life. When did the fear start feeling like *this?*

PAGE 3 — Two Wrong Ledgers (the finale's thesis pages — give the parallel structure room)
Panel 1. DONAVAN's inner accounting, drawn in a blocky, fortress-like overlay style (his visual signature — heavy borders, double-entry columns):
> DONAVAN (thought): All game long — when she threw the right potion at the right second — I felt… in tune. Comradeship. With AMELIA. The rival.
> DONAVAN'S LEDGER: filed under FEAR → *(line struck through)* → refiled: ADORATION. MISFILED FOR: ~20 YEARS.

Panel 2. AMELIA's inner accounting, in a mirrored overlay (hers: elegant, cold-toned, the same double-entry bones — they keep books the SAME WAY; that's the joke and the love story):
> AMELIA (thought): All game long I showed off — every clutch save aimed at HIM — to finally earn his *respect.*

> AMELIA’S LEDGER: his fear, filed under RESPECT. *(error flag)* RESPECT: NOT DETECTED → conclusion: TRY HARDER. *(error compounding)*
> CAPTION: Twenty years of immaculate books. Both balanced. Both wrong. The disconnect between them was, by now, fully capitalized.

PAGE 4 — The Confession
Panel 1. Sophia leans to Amelia, the world’s least subtle whisper:
> SOPHIA: *(sotto voce)* …Wasn’t there something you were supposed to say, Amelia?

Panel 2. Amelia. Blush deployed and immediately disciplined. She stands — because in her family you stand to make material disclosures. She stares at Donavan.
> AMELIA: Donavan. The truth is that I have feelings for you.

Panel 3 (the silence — full-width, the room holding its breath, even the lotus arrangement leaning in).

Panel 4. Donavan — fear cresting and then, visibly, CONVERTING:
> DONAVAN: Before today I was scared of you. Of your company — our “direct competitor.”
> DONAVAN: But playing beside you, I finally audited it: the fear was *adoration.* Your firm never even saw mine as a threat — we were collateral, not rivals. I invented the war so the feeling would have somewhere to live.
> DONAVAN: I’ve always respected you, Amelia. So I can say it proudly: I have feelings for you too.

PAGE 5 — The Movie
Panel 1. Maximum emotional altitude — and the TV blinks on. Sophia, remote in hand, timing it like a producer:
> SOPHIA: And NOW the movie. It’s my favorite. *(beat)* It’s animated.

Panel 2. The screen: an animated romance. Title card: **”THE DEMON LORD OF WEALTH RETURNS.”** A heroic, sparkling, extremely idealized animated George-figure descends from the sky into a modern academy. The animated heroine swoons.
> CAPTION: A film about the legendary genius returning after one hundred years… and falling in love in the modern era. Produced, the credits noted, by the Demon Lord’s fan club.

Panel 3. George, watching himself, dying by inches:
> GEORGE (thought): The inaccuracies. The PERSONALITY. The romantic undertones. The IDOLIZATION —
> GEORGE (thought): I never once descended from a sky.
> CAPTION: Only Sophia knew the man cringing on the sofa and the demon lord onscreen kept the same books.

Panel 4. Sophia, leaning to his ear, lethal:
> SOPHIA: Honey. Notice anything about the *voice actors?*

PAGE 6 — The Reveal
Panel 1. George LISTENS. The animated heroine speaks. His eyes go wide. Sound-match panel: the heroine's speech bubble and SOPHIA's normal speech bubble drawn in the SAME lettering style.
> GEORGE: …That's YOU. You're the female lead.

Panel 2. Donavan and Amelia, in duet, squinting at the credits:
> DONAVAN & AMELIA: Why are you screening your *own university project* at your housewarming?
> SOPHIA: *(serene)* It scored one hundred percent in media class. That makes it a movie.

Panel 3. George, doing the math out loud, somewhere between horror and awe:
> GEORGE: All of this in a week — you took an ONLINE MEDIA CLASS just to animate our —
> SOPHIA: I wanted to learn animation, not just drawing. And the only subject I could find any passion for… was a romantic account of us.
> AMELIA: Cousin, this could come off as narcissistic. Or worse.

Panel 4 (Sophia's biggest laugh panel of the series).
> SOPHIA: *(howling)* Guess what, everyone — we bought a TV and we own NO MOVIES. All we had was my student film. I HAD to improvise!

PAGE 7 — The Internet Confession
Panel 1. Donavan, the straight man, frowning:
> DONAVAN: If you have a TV… why no movies?
> SOPHIA: The TV was to develop my animation for class, obviously. We've been too busy to *watch* anything.
> DONAVAN: Then why did you think you'd have a romance movie for tonight —

Panel 2. George raises a hand. Owns it. Governor-grade public apology posture:
> GEORGE: That was my fault. I'm unfamiliar with the Hill's catalogue — every second film for sale is a student project padding the supermarket shelf. I spent an HOUR reading reviews and found only student self-promotion, because the old internet wall blocked every outside review site.
> GEORGE: I was counting on the wall falling fast enough to *stream* something instead. It didn't. We need to replace the fiber, the everything — it's been a hassle ever since I took the wall down.
> CAPTION: His largest infrastructure project to date, motivated entirely by movie night. Historians of the Hill would later cite different reasons. The historians would be wrong.

Panel 3. Donavan, gravely, extending the local absolution:
> DONAVAN: You have acknowledged your failure. We can move on.
> GEORGE: Thank you. I'm sorry, everyone, for the misunderstanding.

PAGE 8 — The Ice
Panel 1. Credits roll. And the room notices: AMELIA and DONAVAN have not exchanged one word since the confessions. Two statues at opposite sofa ends, a continent of cushion between them.
> CAPTION: Confessed, reciprocated… and beached. Someone had to break the ice before anything could move forward.

Panel 2. Sophia steps in — hostess, cousin, producer, all three at once:
> SOPHIA: My little film got me thinking about open, honest communication. *(to Amelia, gently)* Would you tell us what inspired you to take the leap?

PAGE 9
Panel 1. Amelia, hands folded, disclosure mode:
> AMELIA: I've been planning to confess for *years.* I've had a crush on him for ages.

Panel 2. Donavan, blindsided:
> DONAVAN: You could have SAID — I'd likely have accepted! You're an attractive young lady I've grown up beside —
> AMELIA: I was too shy. And fearful of rejection. *(switching to offense without a clutch)* AND — you should have confessed FIRST, Donavan. Putting a woman on the spot is unflattering.

Panel 3. Donavan, hands up:
> DONAVAN: I thought you were out of my league! You're — you could have had anyone of your selection —

Panel 4 (Amelia drops her guard — the panel her whole character has been building to; draw her young for once).
> AMELIA: You are the most attractive man on this earth, Donavan. You're like a man from a book. So much character. So much pride.

PAGE 10 — The Proposal
Panel 1. Amelia breathes in. Out. And changes registers — personal to material, the Silverton way; the blush stays ON while the numbers come out:
> AMELIA: …And now the disclosure. The governance turbulence hit my company's finances. Your firm survived by selling the boarding house — you HAD a liquid asset. We don't. Every building we'd sell devalues every building we'd keep; we can't sell one unit without bleeding the rest.
> AMELIA: I'm not sure we last three months.

Panel 2. Donavan, stunned — guilt arriving before strategy:
> DONAVAN: I didn't realize you were under such stress. And I added to it, sitting on my own confession — that was truly my responsibility to go first.
> DONAVAN: As for the company… how could I even help? My business is too *small.*

Panel 3 (Amelia's Ledger overlay, full elegance — the merger diagram, the finale's set piece). Two company crests flowing into ONE: her giant illiquid

asset base + his deep debt stack → combined entity → CREDIT RATING ↑ → her cashflows routed through his debt → TAX LOSSES ↓ → CALCULATED VALUATION: **×5.**
> AMELIA: Your business holds *debt*, Donavan. That's not small — that's the missing half. Fuse the companies: the rating rises, my money runs through your losses, the tax bleed stops — and the combined valuation calculates out at five times.

PAGE 11
Panel 1. Donavan, the businessman surfacing through the suitor, eyes narrowing:
> DONAVAN: What's the catch? This is awfully generous — I'd be gaining a hold on one of the largest surviving businesses on the Hill. What do *you* get?

Panel 2 (the finale's quiet truth — Amelia alone, inner panel, her ledger overlay showing the REAL entry). Floating beside her, the honest accounting she will never read aloud:
> AMELIA'S LEDGER — ALTERNATIVES: three lower-risk restructuring plans, all viable, all itemized… each one stamped: DOES NOT INVOLVE DONAVAN.
> SELECTED PLAN — stated benefit: SURVIVAL. true benefit: *the working relationship she had been dreaming of, for her own self-interested tastes.*
> CAPTION: There were safer plans. She had run all of them. The catch was the point.

Panel 3. Amelia, out loud, composed, offering only the risk column:
> AMELIA: The risks are as follows: we could lose both businesses. We could lose one or the other. And if it *works* — we may look like the villains.

PAGE 12 — The Close
Panel 1. Donavan. The harsh reality of her situation, the absurd generosity of the structure, the twenty years of misfiled adoration — all of it settling at once. He extends his hand across the sofa continent.
> DONAVAN: **I accept the deal.**

Panel 2 (pull back — the wide shot of the whole room). The handshake at one end of the sofa. At the other: Sophia, feet tucked up, leaning into George, watching her matchmaking close like a satisfied underwriter. The lotus arrangement. The packed game box. The credits of her own movie still rolling on the TV behind them all.

Panel 3 (final Ledger Eye of the season — George looks across the room and the overlay renders ONE last time, gentle, gold). Flow-lines connecting the four of them — partnership, merger, governance, love — every arrow circular, nothing draining out of frame.
> LEDGER READOUT: PORTFOLIO STATUS — ALL POSITIONS: LONG.
> GEORGE (thought): Day one, I sold a man options on a collapse.
> GEORGE (thought): Day eight, I watched two people merge instead of

liquidate.
> GEORGE (thought): …This branch is going to outperform.

Panel 4 (final panel — exterior, night). The Premium Boarding House lit warm against the dark Hill, four silhouettes in the great window.
> CAPTION: Capitalism Hill — Ex:Capita Branch. Week one: two empires bankrupted, one government founded, one building bought, two couples formed, one merger signed.
> CAPTION: The Demon Lord of Wealth was home.

> **END OF CHAPTER 11. END OF SEASON ONE.**

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ADAPTATION NOTES — Chapters 2–11

Coverage. This completes the manuscript. Every scene in your source text is adapted: nothing was dropped, including the small beats (the thugs' delayed realization, the "good breath style" order, full-price-no-haggle, the basement deflation gag, the author's note in the game box). Total: 11 chapters ≈ 155 script pages ≈ a full webcomic season at weekly release.

Source numbers preserved exactly: Sophia's 1cr × 10,000 option ceiling; the 1-billion + 1-million-per-subsidiary fine; insurance at ~0.5cr → 1,000cr (200cr → 400,000cr); the 200,000 bid vs. 180,000 max leverage; rates 5% → 20% → 2%; boarding house at one-fifth value, paid promo +30%; the ten-times board game; Amelia's three-month runway and ×5 merger valuation.

Inventions, flagged for your veto (same policy as Ch. 1):
1. *The Ledger Eye failure state* ("VALUE: ∞ / ERROR") — the eye glitching on Sophia. Not in the text; built from your text's idea that George can't price his own feelings.
2. *Sophia's pencil-overlay, Donavan's fortress-ledger, Amelia's cold-elegant ledger* — visual signatures so every character "sees money" in their own style. Your text gives Sophia the transparency-sheet method; I extended the principle to the cast.
3. *Foreshadowing layer* — George-shaped statues/portraits before Ch. 7; the "NAME MATCH: 100%" readout. The reveal is yours; the breadcrumbs are added.
4. *Halbert's "called security = good decision = hired" gag* — extrapolated from his deadpan; flag if you'd rather play him straight.
5. *Compressed dialogue throughout* — your longest exchanges (the SWF design talk, the Silverton trap, the battery comparison) are kept but cut to comic length, with mechanics fixed and best lines preserved near-verbatim ("interpersonal skill building… I shall call it love"; "I never said we were the good guys"; "Don't chop her fingers off"; "limited edition" + purr; "I accept the deal").

Structural choices. Chapter breaks land on your natural cliffhangers (the board announcement, the Ex:Capita name-drop, the knock at the door). Ch. 7 is deliberately the emotional center and the slowest-paced; Ch. 9 is deliberately the lightest — the breath before the finale. The season ends on the merger because your manuscript does, and because “love confession structured as M&A” is the single most on-theme ending this story could have. If you continue writing, season two’s open threads are sitting right there: the angry upper years whose marks George erased, the unlabeled potions iceberg, the Silverton reform heresy, the internet wall reconstruction, and the question Sophia asked on the floor — whether he can disappear again.

- *Production order recommendation.** Don’t draw in chapter order. Pilot with Ch. 1 pages 1–3 (the death/rebirth cold open — cheapest test of the visual style), then Ch. 7 page 5 (the confession full-pager — the emotional style test), then one Ledger Eye spread (Ch. 4’s rate panic — the technical style test). If those three work, the whole season works.

PRE EDIT CANNON Source material:

By Ethan G Appleby

as one could describe the way of will and demeanors of an individual one could find a form. an intangible soul of a concept or logic, when looking at the individual named George mises in this story’s opening one could see utter contempt and most importantly a sense and a form of what can be described as weakness.

George mises has one strength he was reincarnated from another world where he would trade inside a VRMMO game called “ex capita” whilst he would also in his spare time listen to the works from online platforms where he would deconstruct the macro and micro economic systems at play, George mises however never had any social life, outs side his VRMMO Business sim game he played endlessly, he originally died by electrocution from his malfunctioning full dive headset, he actually made it onto the news and discovered the ten thousand hour limit of his headset within only a year and a half from release and most of his time off was not from sleep as he slept in the VR business sim, it was his time off from maintaining the headset (exploiting the too long activated please log out future to disable fast), and food and to roll around occasionally.

George was reborn into the world of earth in a different time where he was enrolled to the university “capitalism hill” all universities in this world were replaced by an closed economic ecosystem were winning companies where later graded by there governance after passing a threshold of companies apprised worth in business criteria, this was to educate the individual capitalism hill whilst fostering a great investment from the capitalism hill’s shareholders themself, there is little government outside the capitalism hill however there are a need for the exporting of governors over to other

territories and micro nations around the world, the final destination for rulership certification would be for a CEO of a nation, nations are valuable in that they can be sold and traded in there shares in this alternative earth. governance positions can also be appraised based on policy quality and a policy's legacy. each individual hopes to enter universities as well.

this is why capitalism hill have level 10s as 18, 19 and level 12 as 20, 21. this lowers the economic exploitation of younger people with capitalism hill starting at 8 or 9 as year ones where they run lemonade stands and have a proper education funded by parents where pre primary is not recognized as capitalism hill as it does not have any economic education just language and other non economic curriculum

as George entered the capitalism hill grounds an individual was selling a pendant at a stand outside the capitalism hill, this was said to be a lucky pendant form "The level12 Central Authority Crop" it was clear by George's assumptions that that this business paying the current ruler very well to have the rights to sell these pendants to the students and their parents, i would assume by my understanding that they were making an arbitrage as the capitalism hill's internal currency is well under valued over the well-used gold currency used by the market, these events must have massive cash flow to those who can afford to attend these events with the wider market.

George was expected to have an assembly however that was not what happened the first thing was companies where attempting to hire the capitalism hill students and where also attempting to sell to the other students there trinkets and education programs, a good program if attended could count towards marks over your business legacy at the capitalism hill, however it usually cost more to attend in credits then was gained in education, you could chose a university and a lecture who was hired by these credits could teach you.

George circumvented this con as the only individual to do so in his year level as he had already attained his business skills from his VRMMO game he played in his prior life (Ex Capita). individuals were also selling information this was a legacy database of the entire capitalism hill's economy recorded by technology obtained from the outer market, it usually cost ten times the price then trading in the native capitalism hill as of conversion rates and tariffs imposed by the current ruling government this was an arbitrage as the software was open sourced and free for everyone and only a flat tariff applies essentially minimizing the entire total costs where only cents this was then patched by a later governing given a hefty tariff on software distribution making it essentially in-feasible to sell software not already attained in this closed society and creating a new demand for programmers in this isolated internet every year.

this lead to a programming bubble, George noticed the current government was selling its operations in a couple of days for the new generation of

capitalism hill students this capitalism hill governing body likely would have taken out short positions over this bubble, in a way the software being sold and known to be open sourced was very clearly a hint that the need for software is very much a bubble like ecosystem, George definitely decided to not opt for the software download.

with the little starting credits available George decided to opt for starting a business from scratch and went to the licensing department and signed up for a business license George's business was dealing in the trade of insider information, this gave him more credibility when gathering information as being a formal and simple information brokerage business. it also allows the spread of information and advertising from other companies and most importantly is an in for speculators to inflate and deflate bubbles through word of mouth as an option, this puts him at an interesting possession where he held full strength over the level 10's information as most years stick together as there classes formed amongst themselves naturally that way weather due to the in equality of Resources being exponentially different each year or because they have a natural comradery due to their university classes.

his first act was to go to the biggest programming business in the entire capitalism hill and then cheap insurances over the company an some short positionings over the specific business. in the meantime, later that day George got ready for assembly where the new governing body would be announced, and the fist bidding wars will commence for governance. nervously George decided to attend the optional assembly and sat down along with all the other level ten students, along the way he checked out the current data of the capitalism hills stocks for the large programming business and could clearly see a fluctuation on the screen not just in price but in legacy credits, this means business fundamentals internally where fluctuating rapidly this could either be a prediction of a failure or the biggening of the internet bubble bursting in this capitalism hill, there is also a possibility they are selling all there productive assets for credits to then bid for the governances rights through there parent company.

I gained this insight and headed to the level 12's personal game room, knocked heavily someone opened and it was none other than the biggest competitor's to the large programming company business CEO this meant that this was the prefect sale, however this was a planned operation for George as he had obtained a detailed account of all the top students habits in the higher level 12's class as a necessity for his information brokers running, this student in question for sale of these options and contracts was known to have been in the game room in his time before a speech.

the level twelve programming company competitor CEO was ready to risk a lot to gain the position to be the next governor of the year group and this opportunity could cause him to have a natural interest for him, if he lost it by not governing then he has lose it for his company, if he has won against his

competitor then he would then make enough to hold position as governor as he sore this student he explained this position and then gave the option to buy these options over this competing company this student was amazed at George and decided to listen closer, the risk threshold was personally to great for George and so he had to sell these options, George has no way of covering his win himself, George knew there was not enough time for this student to refuse to get a cheaper option out on his competitor so he was willing to make this quick transaction over the business the premiums also expanded in price rapidly as of the coming assembly later that day making any one in this trade lots of money as there is also an insurance bubble for the time before the assembly

George was There he hit the sale, the CEO who was working for the business exchanged 1000 credits for one hundred credit priced options, this was a ten times return within the first day for little risk, however there was a risk in that George if he did not hit the sale he would have likely lost everything all from his risk on, options trading where a great hedging strategy for someone who had everything and a business almost there in the certification ranks has made the sale, of course there where less total return due to tax however because I ran the money through my business I started minute earlier it was way lower then it would have been without that little bit or laundering to make the profit required before establishing a business due to high taxes.

George retuned to the assembly where the bidding wars where about to commence soon for the quarter, the business ready to bid highest was the corporation that held the rights towards the biggest programming business.

However before then where the student entry speeches where each new student where to put a say into how they are and to greet the other classmates.

Most speeches where normal however there was another student who happened to be female who started of attempting selling her special new to market options for her company, she had set the price of sale for her stock at one credit each with a total of one ten thousand stock ceiling for the first quarter after establishment, this would mean she would have given up her right to own her first company out right in the first quarter where business usually where all ready determined outcomes for success, she likely is betting on another class mates success of company because if you listened well you would know that she was selling the options for founded companies not co owned ones that also give great returns for legacy George wonders who she will team up with, probably a higher level’s company

Her speech goes as said “welcome everyone my name is Sophia, and I hope you will invest in our future as higher up students you have this opportunity to invest, now (breathes in and out) I’m selling my future for top dollar” Sophia went on to sell her future in her options for all her companies she founds, to a level twelve individual, this means that under the contract the individual not

organization to hold this contract for as long as they are in the capitalism hill and cannot be exchanged to other individuals as a student, meaning this contract will only last one year

Sophia then went on to end her speech, It was now George's tern, as he got up he had a little anxiety as it happened to be his old anxiety from his other life remained to he decided to say a tiny speech just as Sophia had done

George knew that this company she started was actually also started with another students investment as a pump and dump, this young lady seems to be a true blue scammer/fraudster, however all of that was residuals of the culture he left behind in the original earth he came from this was an interesting note on the entire difference in the two earths and was a page in the personal knowledge gathered earlier to day when he had purchased some details from a formalized investigative agent this Sophia was only in level 10 as was himself

George started his speech "I am George and I'm going to also sell you information but this time it will be free, I will buy any amount of information on the coming programming bubble you have, the current changing leadership may not have the same faith in the benefits gained from the restrictive internet policies, next I will go on to say that we can see them having to sell of their productive R&D projects in order to come up with the funds to join the bid, they are hollowing out there stock right now for the bid essentially. As George I will be your economics advisor if you would like to have more information"

After the speech the crowd was in awe and individuals started to sell there stock in the programming business and there stocks in associated companies, this would have neted so much profit to that CEO he had sold the options to, however it was all a half truths in that truth, in truth he knows that he has got no truth stated that would be able to be known as already the stock has been dumped and the business was best to be phoenixes down, and some individuals in the crowd where either stating how they are now rich or lost everything.

George was only seen as the catalyst whilst he knew that this was ploy as earlier that day the crash already started, with his insider information he knew that the interest in the stock's public opinion was little, it was only a few companies holding their stock as comprising investors each willing to get out the market at its saturation before bidding whilst eroding the positioning of their opponent in essence the trick was that there was little demand, George explained this to Sophia sitting next to him, he said "imagine having two options for products to sell one thousand jewellery of diamond rings each netting a return of one hundred credits profit each, or the same amount of Jewlery of a leaf with an expected return of three hundred each in profit" Sophia says "it is a no brainer clearly the leaves" George said "I will give you half marks however it is likely that only a handful of buyers will want gold

leaves this means you will not sell as fast and more importantly this means that you're small amount of consumers who will be willing to profit you three hundred once they have purchased, after that you will need to lower prices"

Sophia asked "do you know my strategy George? I know you probably deduced that I was playing to sell my personal future in exchange for a bet on someone else's"

George agreed "I also assume you have scouted a level 12's business to work for?"

Sophia said "ah that was the part you got wrong, I have decided on working with you George, I hope you were not planning to go solo, even as a soul trader where you, all things serious I did decide on you George."

George was taken aback "me, wouldn't you be better off having the backing of the higher years who hold the governance you come across as having a greater acumen".

Sophia stated "well actually I have my reasons to stay with you, and why I don't want to be the higher ups, higher ups just want to sell their business for credits to place in their final to lobby for control over governing seats to get governing credits and get an in with a certification of leadership and governorship to later become an adult in nation governance".

George said "that is a similar reason why i wanted to be solo, most the lower capitalism hill and level 10's don't know the value of their labor and the higher ups also don't know the value in investment when they just want to get out of business and into leadership roles and titles over being productive."

there is a sound coming from the speakers hooked up to a microphone bidding has commenced after the speeches have been finalized, as the speeches are over does anyone have anything to say. an audience member puts there hands up for one final time the speaker agrees to hear it out "I would like to sue George for the act of deformation against the company known as o base capital" the speaker asked "with what government there is none now, you should all know there has been no government during this assembly, the rights have been sold to toe board and the board has no say in anything, you must then buy the rights back off the board or directors of the capitalism hill to govern, this is how it has all ways been"

George knew this has he had done his research, and so had Sophia, she had sold her own rights to her companies under a government that was inessentially blank slate, and the contract is voided with any governance change in a way both of them where well off.

George checked his pockets and realized something, he forgot to attempt to sell the more risky bankruptcy protection insurance options, they where still in his pocket, then he remembered, these tickets where not sold as there was

a better ROI on holding them then by selling them for fractions of credits especially because you must pay monthly to hold these almost useless options.

a member from the board gets up and walks to an individual on the speaker and whispers something, it was the right to govern is going to be needed to be activated now that was said now and essentially all picked up by the speaker.

the board member got to the microphone and said “o base capital will be fined one billion credits and one million for each subsidiaries, for manipulating the currency. (the crowd went silent) o base has been shuffling outsider currency into our economy to act as an invesment to get the benefits of a currency that was expected to go up, no student has the right to un lawfully trade outside the currency imposed on everyone, the legacy credit system whilst not paying the tax to the board of directors, it is the boards prime function to insure that the simulation enlivenment is habitable and realistc, currency manipulation cannot be enabled as it will devlue the entire capitalism hill creditability and a certification provider”

essentially o base capital who profited off of the programing bubble was actually just manipulating currency and this flood of currency was laundered through the programming employees George thought, this was the very best circumstance, his options over o base’s bankruptcy was even more valuable then any other single commodity on the market. the value of a single option when from half a credit to a thousand each. with his two hundred credits worth becoming 400,000 credits hard cash. George quickly sold his options on the electrical market platform at once whilst the trading bots took all the money for these options not realizing that the credits where to be paiyed by the company holding the options trading bots, the X base capital the similar names came from an anti monopoly policy in a prior government where XO base capital was the soul business in the economy for essentially everything George now owned a fraction of the total credits as the bots auto sold productive rights to business to the highest bidder automatically

inessentially both of the largest businesses both went out at the same time in a matter of thirty seconds whilst Sophia was oblivious and just witnessed George mises turn on his chair

the speaker now back on stage and just said “lets start the bidding already do we have an initial bid” George put his hand up and said 200,000 knowing full well that the highest anyone could bid was 180,000 credits with full leverage Sophia said “you mean 200 credits right” George smiled and corrected her with his face essentially saying that it was all over the economy is going to be reset Sophia thought to herself that that is like one tenth of the total money supply or one one hundredth of the supply of credits in the system including stock valuations and other things that can not be held as hard credits as they are devalued during a big sale, is George using rich parents money to convert to the legacy credit system or something to get a head start, if so the money would have been enough to start an entire real government and run as a real

CEO of an nation and not to mention the inflation caused by the influx of these new credits would essentially being enough for hyper inflation and the government would default back to the board again as to fix the market, this is not true as she checked the electronic device of current data and all she could see was that there was a mass deflation of stock value in the system as of a minute ago. likely form the loss of O base capital, Sophia looked to invest in X base capital to arbitrage however it was not there X base capital to be found on the stock market only an alert saying that x base capital was out of commission from the stock market as of in sufficient resources while all businesses qualify other then those with debt obligations to be fulfilled

once she was out of her trance in thought over the credit influx to George, Sophia then head that governance was sold to George mises

the bid manager and speaker asked of there where any higher offers and clearly there where none, one of the board members just whent to check over the account held by george mises and it had the correct funds the speaker said that this was un precidented in the capitalism hill history first that a level ten could even bid anything higher then fifteen thousand credits in the first day the bid master then said that it is sold to the individual at the level 10’s seatings.

sure could this be a level 12 in the wrong seating aria, it cant be they would definitely be a familiar face, george mises. an individual appeared behind george mises and asked to have George make a celebratory speech and introduce and show the new plans for the capitalism hill.

george got up and took stage and said that that he was nerves over the apparent victory in biding especially because it was from an incredibly foreseeable set of options and insurances that made him his money in the fist place, he should have not even been able to sell his insurances unless of the bots trading that hard amongst themselves selling and taking out debt over the entire X base capital.

what would George say, what will he do with his new responsibilities and powers. George finally started his speech and said “hello i am George and I’m now your leader, although you are new level 10s due to not having any business interests besides information i do plan on favoring the younger students development over the older and more well of individuals. this is my first reasonability in office. also I’m am skilled at macro and micro economics as self taught and i don’t have the bias towards established policy as of this self study i shall then govern the money supply far greater then any other individual”

the crowd of level tens seemed to be extremely happy with the higher years being incredibly mad and booing George off stage. George now was planning on what building to rent out or buy and how to decorate the building, or even if the building should be just a small room. mid thought Sophia approached

George and congratulated him for his victory and success and stated “your future is completed and you are at the end of the road now and can relax and live from employing bearcats and figures taht will pay to add policies” when Sophia said that they will pay to add policies they meant it literally. this was a heavy form of tolerated corruption in this alternative society George thought knowing that these deals went un punished prior

George said “my saga has just begun, this was part of my final plan. i think one thousand steps ahead of the the rest of everyone else in society, you, i believe that you do the same?” Sophia said “no i could never my lord” George hearing this and heavily impressed said “my lord, you are ok with calling me this, are you sure, you are also going to be my second in command so a formal title is defiantly not necessary or a requirement” Sophia responded “well i have my reasons to continue on with using such a title would you be ok with that” George agreed on the condition that is does not spark divisions and if it does she must stop immediately

George said “would you like to help me pick out a government headquarters” Sophia suggested the computer labs as the loss of the largest programming company had collapsed leaving the property being sold for fractional credits on the credit George however disagreed, we should enjoy ourselves and send a message to the other students around the capitalism hill campus, how about the premium boarding house as a head quarters Sophia said “oh you want to move in with the brats and other filthy autocrats and leaders do you” George stated “well actually I had a much larger scope I was thinking of re modeling the entire building and Turing the most premium building into a head quarters for the government” George approached the premium boarding house after the assembly, along with Sophia, when they arrived after a short walk they came across an individual getting kicked out

George wondered if this was from the governance change with George at the crux of it. George knew that autocrats and bureaucratic folk along with lobbyists where all trading favors for job opportunities and living spaces. this corruption was not outed for yeas as governments usually repurchased the rights through the same company every year.

Sophia asked “do you know what is going on here” George said “yes, they are getting ousted after the governance change they can no longer trade policy” Sophia said “exactly, you know the marks gained by governance comes from the effect of implemented policies and there long term effects, if you destroy and edit every single policy there will be no long term effects and so no marks to the individuals who gave up everything to govern and gain governance marks” George realized just who he went on the bad side of, it was the most capable individuals of the higher years

george stated “ we should hurry on and speak to the individual kicking out the other individual, they are whering a uniform other then the capitalism hill this means that they are an employee and have a direct line to command in the

building, I’m sure he knowns someone in charge” Sophia agrees and continues chasing the individual in the uniform waving and asking to see him.

the uniformed individual was tepid and has a stroke of normality about him, compared to Sophia and George he was just an individual looking for a wage, the individual asked if they had a booking or if they wanted a tour of the sight, George said, i guess so, however i belive that i would like to purchase this establishment, this individual was on the clock during the assembly and that was a surprisingly elite privilege to have, that is interesting said George, he noted, you don’t seem phased “Halbert” as George read the tag on his front, Halbert said, it is normal for companies to attempt to purchase the building rights for events and parties and for conferences. George stated, i believe you have misunderstand me very deeply. I was wanting to purchase the entire premium boarding house with a lump sum hard credit transaction, not rent and not for a social gathering that you had on mind, Sophia explained, im very sorry, you should know my lord is very serios, he is. George is the richest of all students now and owned a fraction of the money supply currently and also he bankrupted your head quarters parent company within thirty minutes, Halbert said, why should i trust you now that i now know that im about to lose my job guaranteed soon. you where the cause as well. George stated and interrupted i also own the governance rights and am looking for new employees if i deem that you can make good decisions then there may be a place for you.

after that Sophia was extremely frustrated, isn’t that corruption George. we dont whant to bring back the old ways do we? said Sophia. George said that is the thing, i never said that we where going to be the good guys or that making good decisions meant siding with us or calling security on us. George whispered to Sophia.

Halbert pulled up his phone and messaged the body guards. two individuals with a more punk like get up, came along. they stated to George, do you know we work under the authority of the current ruling governance, we are paid on there clock until after that assembly is over unless or governance body regains power and we get to detain you guys, George stated take a look at these card, George pulled his wallet showing a gold card to the thugs, it is me now, i won the election Sophia said, you won what? what is an election, george said never mind.

the scenery was pristine, as the thugs witnessed they where out of a job. the town setting fet a littly brighter as they took each incremental step away, until one of the two thugs cracked and asked the other on there walk. “hay doesn’t that mean that that guy is the soul reason why we are now un employable” they looked back and Sophia and George where not there.

as Sophia and George moved closer to the premium boarding house gate, he realised that there was an administration that they should have met at and not the building itself to purchase, in his old VR in his past life, in the game you just had to wave a hand gesture over a slice of the building to purchase but

now this world ran on its own laws and physics and supply chain dependencies and so fourth. this was his first blunder as of coming to this new world, he had aced everything else up until then. Sophia said that banks would be in a heap buying frenzy as of the cheap real estate there is, George corrected Sophia now and said that well actually they all cant afford the land even, Sophia asked, why, please explain fully. George said well, i have not set the interest currently, everyone's credit rating must have halved by now and they would be to busy paying off there debt over doing economic activity as they cannot credit other in this undefined times, banks need to set there collateral standards straight as they flex out others credit, I essentially tripled the interest rate in an hour by not defining it during this crisis, Sophia said oh yes, i assume that you wanted to have a situation where panic deflated the currency whilst you held onto hard credit. Sophia looked at her phone and she noticed something, the interest rate said 20% instead of the five percent from the prior administration, George said, can you see it now, Sophia said, yes. you must be planning on buying the five year junk bond from the current leading bank as you lower back interest rates instantly realizing a better price as the yield changed from 5 to 20 and now back to five, or less. George responded, yes exactly, i let the first bond sails tail of the bonds exceed record highs then i let let the banks take the responsibility over current interest rates with the largest surviving bank take the name for the interest rate, this lead to a panic, Sophia looked at a pop up on her phone, interest data substituted for trading data temporarily to maintain stability as taken on by the share holders of capitalism hill.

George now grabbing his phone set the interest rate to a two percentage, Sophia asked, what have you done now, you just touched your phone for half an minute, it cannot be good. George said, I simply lowered interest to two percentage. Sophia said, I'm not surprised. George just doubled his money again he just regained his entire purchase of the capitalism hill governance within the day.

Sophia said to George, you are a genius my lord. yields are inverse to price I only know this because my family comes from a long line of bond speculators. when interest lowers then essentially the shortening of yields to match interest is reflected over into the price and as price rises it matches maturity over the lower current interest this means that the longer time a maximum of 5 years for this capitalism hill biggest surviving bank now reflects the market itself as all bond become the same bond adjusted for each other bond to avoid arbitrages that can be exploited in seconds

George suggested that we need to realize this gain, the liquidity issues holds back the ability for ease in exchanging, selling or buying without effecting the price, George said "leverage" Sophia asked "what are you suggesting by leverage? we can take out debt to be repaid after selling these bonds. Sophia wonders exactly who is willing to extend credit given the lack of economic

stability and rapid changes in economic situation we have? There is no credit available now”

George responded “we shall make our own lending institution.” Sophia said “wow even more corruption I would assume” George stated “I’m developing a thing we call a sovereign wealth fund, this can lend out our governments excess reserves to be more productive, i was planning on having printed money cycle through our fund before reaching projects spending projects, this encourages the economy to be not just direct to spending and requires more carful planning” Sophia said “That is a new idea, this world likely never experienced. most of the time money is directly printed then banks fractional reserve out this created money and gain massive profits, your plan i assume is to invest in banks then have the fractional reserve banks wealth be tied to the sovereign wealth fund, thus making the printed credit come under the purview of the movement itself with investment being able to lobby for lower fractional reserve practices”

George agrees “this method of buying up a fraction of the public companies in the economy does have the added benefit of influence that the fist of the government does not have as cheaply” Sophia “said, so basically you are suggesting it is sometimes cheaper to buy out a harmful organization then it is to lobby or utilize governing rights, what about your personal profit interests you will be locking in a straight up loss as soon as you go to purchase the voting shares above market rate only to have a key part of the business removed then have competitors swoop in” George said “no the investment itself would not be voted on, but signing up to the sovereign wealth fund would require regular changes in business practice to continue gaining this investment or more importantly the prevention of missing out on massive investment opportunities”

“currently i have been purchasing the stock of every single business registered in the market and selling when the share of the stock shrinks, this will suit nicely with the investment horizon and risk tolerance for the SWF” George stated

Sophia later responded with “how about you also put half of that into gold and even inflation adjusting bonds issued by your government for hedging sake, also what is the point of that scheme when you can get better returns over that particular hedging system then that of the the hedge funds already available”

George responded “the point I’m making is that we can have investments that directly invest without having the labor intensive management fees that suck up all that gain this system also lowers exposure to bubbles if correctly carried out and carried out in accordance with the system of quality of investing or else you end up with feed back loops and un realizable gains with low liquidity”

Sophia said “ well, we need to get back to the Premium boarding house’s administration building in order to purchase the building for our project to make a central head quarters for our new governance”

George agrees sort of “ that was our original plan however i can execute government operatives and policies from any ware, as long as it is not over the top”

Sophia says “well how bout your bank account, all your wealth is held in private bonds and you are using debt to flex your money with the SWF, so how on earth are you gonna end up surviving the risk of the investment platforms solvency that holds the bulk of your wealth?”

George stated “ well that is a good question as of now, my current plan has been to bail out the banks and investment institutions so basically printing money at a certain rate and giving it out to the banks at a certain rate…”

Sophia said “what if the government owned all securities but lent out ownership to banks who lent out there entitlement to investors, that way it falls back to you and encourages the selling of assets as each asset has a bank only asset fee”

George stated “well that would have a substantial bureaucratic hurdle requiring a full team, this is why we need to have a final head quarters instead of running the government through a back ally so to speak”

Sophia replied “well we are on our way to the administration building, would you like to check out the local market with me? did you know that this capitalism hill acts like an entire micro kingdom with farms, markets, land and labor and education. because this is our first day we should get acquainted with the local economic ecosystem and use our map for things other then that of just utilitarian exploits”

George agrees “the interest rate is lowering right now so the price of the premium boarding house must be going up, however viewing this excursion as a way to cool off time to test the waters a little bit, I’m sure that the premium boarding house has three times the movement down over time over the one times movement up from lower interest rate would mean that this could be considered a hedging strategy”

Sophia stated “well actually i thought that going to see the market would be a romantic exercise my lord”

George agrees and thinks to himself that he had only just reincarnated from his Ex: Capita world aged 18, he is now aged 18 in this new world with a direct correlation between ages of the two histories with no extra time elapsing in-between “well it would be nice to get to know you better Sophia, you are the only student out there who gets me and can understand my acumen and even contribute with a good rhythm. lets call it a date, I feel like

we should rely more on emotion even as experts in economics, at the end of the day we are just students in the prime of our dating carrier”

Sophia stated “well I think that i should call this inter personal skill building then, if i was the type to over analyze my own feelings and set myself a curriculum for learning. however as i am an individual that goes with the flow, I shall call it love. you have to agree that thinking and feeling are separate and receiving any thinking from feelings that would gain to you other then thinking there is going to be an emotional gain is a fallacy of thought, emotions at least will bring more to the table then any thought up benefit”

George stated “well, I love you Sophia, it is interesting though. how you seem to over analyze emotion with its impacts to feelings in a way that could be considered as overly emoting thinking. I’m not saying that is a bad thing, I’m just saying that you bring something to the table in you analyses rarely seen in relationships only in successful ones. in a way i could say you make me laugh, I’m not laughing at you more so you are so expressive it pores emotion from me, it makes me giggly”

Sophia stated quickly “well i think that we should go see the economic conditions found in this particular economy just to prove that we can both spend out time wisely together, the truth is that i find you handsome George and i find that you are less immature then you peers, however i feel as though you are reserved and fiscally conservative with your emotion around me, not letting it flow but letting it grow, in a way I could call it masculine however masculine is to narrow a ethos of engrams, in a way i want to have you express yourself more unorthodox”

George stated “well I disagree, for me my masculinity may be calculating information processing however it is truing complete allowing me to be fully be unorthodox over my programming.”

Sophia wonders what this exactly meant “what does this mean by Turing complete system?”

George says “it means that it can process any program, in essence I can ask you out on a date using the entire emotional spectrum all within the spectrum of emotion including cues and hidden details rarely expressed through conventional processing”,… “for example I can say that cafe looks nice, lets go there and talk more about ourselves, i will order anything you like from the menu or even buy the entire shop if the menu is to narrow, all because i want to hear more about you”

Sophia said “well i would love to talk about myself, it is actually one of my favorite things to do, in way this is exactly the thing I’m here on earth to do. I call it, expression equals fun, and fun is good theorem more fun is better therefore expression is most good, i would love to go to the cafe tother with you George mises”

George and Sophia held hand and walked over to the cafe George and Sophia where both anxious equally so even though George assumed Sophia was fine, in this way they had there first missed communication of there budding relationship, however Sophia also thought that George was composed however Sophia's interpretation was that he was more anxious over the imposed risk of making a fool over himself over buying an entire cafe just to impress a girl, in a way this made Sophia feel good about herself

Sophia said "sorry" to George

George stated "you don't have to be sorry, i would presume guilt about the statement however you are entailed to your motivations because I'M only dating you because I love you"

at the cafe, George opened the door for Sophia, Sophia's arms felt weak this is not because she was weak but because she was embarrassed, as if the components of her nerves became putty in her hand. George asked Sophia "where do you want so sit?"

Sophia said "well over here, near the back at the cushy table seat" then went to the seat with the hard plastic chair and pointed George to the comfortable seat. George picked up on this but decided it was to tense to point out the reason why as he knew the answer already and getting a verbal response was over the top thing to ask from a "noble" woman such as Sophia

it was a minute of silence, the quietest silence ever heard by either as they didn't speak, though the sound levels around the point of leaving along with mutterings about them, hearing "are they dating", "wait that is our current ruling governor", "that guy is the richest man in the territory" (referring to capitalism hill itself)

Sophia and George locked eyes and both said "time to order?" George asked for Sophia's order and George wanted to influence Sophia with his decision for the poached eggs on sour dough, it was a very average decision however when he said no onions then Sophia blushed, Sophia said her order after George stated his. she wanted a leachy smoothie with poached eggs on sourdough no onion as well. George picked up on this cue and coughed out his frozen in place throat that could not react to the stressors of being a throat while the blushing occurred on his end.

Gorge went up to order and grabbed out his legacy credit system card and ordered "two poached eggs on sourdough both with no onion, and one leachy smoothie, that is all" the worker at the counter stated the quiet part out loud when shouting out the order to the other student in the kitchen "leachy smoothie, two poached eggs on sourdough both good breath style" George quickly sat back down with Sophia as if he had a work meeting whist expecting a rase and a promotion. however this was not the case, it was only Sophia her self who was there waiting patiently for him.

George said quickly, “the truth is i don’t know much about you Sophia. i know your family are bond traders, I know you have a fine business acumen along with a pretty face with blond hair blue eyes. however I don’t seem to know much else, i would love to learn more, tell me about your interest and hobbies”

Sophia smiled “well what I’m interested in is the silver trade, in my spare time I have been looking into the historical purity of silver and gold in deferent historical nations’ coins then comparing the rain fall, crop yields, currency supply and political stability and comparing data across the varying parameters to predict trends.”

George stated “wow, that is amazing I could imagen being a merchant in historical eras, I could imagine brining along potatoes to a nation of wheat selling merchants and being ready attack me and my potato scheme as the potatoes produced five times the harvest of calories per unit of land and where impractical for merchants as they would tern green before leaving to trade in other nations, unlike wheat. the thing about the wheat trade is that it requires a nation to have lower productive capacity and self sufficiency, it requires arias to have a shortage of food and a weaker external price to the external value of the territory to build imports whilst other weaker territories would have an export with minimal consumption, on both sides there is the case for exploitation, where as with potatoes it evens the playing field and allows for a surplus and the ability to free up land and time for more speculative uses like housing, mines and cotton.”

Sophia responded “well, that is interesting. it seems we could go toe to toe in medieval economics. however that is not my only interest and passion I have, I actually like fashion there are no uniforms in capitalism hill so i can let my fashion run wild. this brings up the question of how do I look George”

Sophia was wearing a yellow traditional skirt with a blue ribbon centered just bellow her collarbones the dress was blue and yellow over all with white collar and her hair was medium and well kept all the way down to her lower neck and blond no lower then her shoulders with blue eyes and a nice bright blue head band

George said “I likes the headband and said that the blue ribbon definitely brings color to your self, the color range also makes your Rosey cheeks pop with color”

Sophia said “well the truth is that I need that head band for archery practice, sword practice and martial arts, that happens to be another interest of mine. it is so nice that you enjoyed my dress, i actually made this dress for the first day of capitalism hill myself, you know yellow is the color of capitalism right i think that it symbolizes gold, gold is even more rare in capitalism hill given that there are no mines and can only be given as a reward or a supply drop

from the capitalism hill board at regular intervals. the blue ribbon was placed because it is the color of my eyes”

George said “so you are a polymath, no no, a Renaissance woman. I acknowledge you as being a vital ally in our future together. the truth is, i have no skills outside of economics i could never make it on my own if every one was as skilled as you Sophia. I struggle concentrating on the small enjoyable things like craft and self improvement I usually only hyper focus on books and papers on economics not the finer things such as solitude of making a good meal, the valor of archery and even the hearth of tailoring. you are exceptional woman Sophia, i love you”

Sophia said “well the truth is, if I’m a poly math then you George are a true genius. the truth is that your body is well kept, your jaw line is rugged. you are very tall and you have hair that is well groomed and economics will always be my number one and there I cannot even hold an edge over you. the truth is that you are handsome, intelligent and so witty. truly seeing you delve in a passion such as economics is attractive to any sensible woman when you amased and impressed the entire capitalism hill this morning by taking over the capitalism hill with bankruptcy insurances i fell for you”

George said “I never thought that anyone would ever see me so clearly, the truth is that in public I’m being referred to as the young dictator. almost everyone views me as a lucky kid who was blowen into a position of power as a mistake, what do you think about these things in life, like status, wealth, power and influence. the truth is I view them as games when I should be viewing them as a driving force for why we do good”

Sophia responded “George, don’t you see I didn’t fall for you because you fell into power, I fell for you because I see your potential. everyone can see how much you have grown in a single day. whilst this can bring others fear the truth is I don’t think you are out there to cause harm. when I was at this capitalism hill for the first day this morning I viewed my self better then everyone else, this was far more harmful then viewing everything as a game of chess in a hyper dimensional curved tesseract as a board like you do. the thing is that I came here to flip the chess board and take it’s place as the new game on the block and rule without injustice, to make capitalism hill a utopia”

George thought what if Sophia is confusing adoration for love? George spoke up “but adoration is not…”

Sophia sad “stop right there George” gently placing her fingers over his lips “I have felt adoration before and it feels as though looking at a fine dress and wanting to own it for oneself and make it yours, today I felt you where a wild bird perched on a blossom bush, I wanted to be a bird and be free like you were a Kindred spirit” Sophia let go of her hand lent in for a kiss, George felt slightly unwell over it, time paused for a second he thought that Sophia was mislead by adoration. however George Knew that he was not. he lent in. as

there lips touched he felt a confidence in saying mentally, that it was all rumination the reality is that I was never a telepath all we have are words. you cannot just contemplate over another's feelings when they did not express any ill intent in there expression, when Sophia said she loved George the truth is she had the face of a genuine being. it was a mistake of the senses to perceive ill intent, it was a projection of lower dimensional senses to higher dimensional feelings that did not correlate with the lower dimensional reality at hand, perhaps it was the acumen that got me to fill in the gaps of something as clear and one dimensional as love. in that moment of the kiss my ego had died there, love is everything and reality was just a projection of ego.

George looked into Sophia's eyes and could see how dilated they where, like a black hole surrounded by a horizon of bent light, now I can see my shadow covering her eyes like a vail, I can sense every bit of data coming from my optic nerve like a flood all this data was her. Sophia was thinking that George was over thinking, she laughed to her self that the smartest person she knew couldn't tell exactly what he his holding with, like a black hole gravity is in-escapable so are the endorphins and chemicals produced when seeing each other. Sophia felt the distinction between them fall apart they are in a new universe called love, a lower frequency that had the ability to trap everything for eternity as one. Sophia dissociated over the moment time is relive to the importance of the information being processed, she thought that this is why time felt so long, she questioned her self once again and thought binging her self into reality that no we have just been actually kissing for the last 30 seconds in a cafe on a date with her George mises.

as Sophia and George woke up from there emotion they pulled back, realizing that there poached eggs and sour dough without onion where both there held by a female in staff at the cafe along with Sophia's lychee flavored smoothie. by a second waitress, George said "sorry for keeping you waiting for us"

the waitress placed down the plates of poached egg, no onions and fancy cup filled with a pure white slushed up drink with two straws, and said "here is you order, two poached eggs no onion on sour dough and one lychee flavored drink"

Sophia said, "yes that is our order thank you" the eggs were so delicious, George wondered where the eggs where farmed. Sophia ate the poached eggs with elegancy however George was still trying to bring up the courage to speak to Sophia about the matter of the kiss, So far the date has been very rapid, there was little discussion over interests on George's side, George said "where are you from exactly, so far i just know that your are basically a genuine polymath, you come from a long line of bond traders, a student at capitalism hill and and absolutely captivating however I want to know more about your roots"

Sophia responded "I do indeed come from a long line of bond traders, however my family is head to a central bank a few counties over called

Silverton named after there historical silver concentration in there coins, my family has an archive of the real concentrations of silver in our nation's coins historically, I am actually the Aire to this central bank as first born and the greatest aptitude in my family for economics, most importantly I was given the silver concentration archives for my sixteenth birthday this was two years ago now, and i want to use it to uncover the history of our nation of Silverton , I developed a method seeing the data, my trick or gimmick to overlay transparent sheets with markings lines and charts indicating different things like political events and silver concentrations, I have found many such anomaly in my work this way" Sophia pulls out some papers from her bags and shows that there is some plastic sheets squished up in-between, there is some very colorful imprints over the plastic, Sophia then aligns the sheets and asked George to have a look.

George similes and lets out his ideas after shifting the sheets a little "Sophia, if you look carefully you can see that the growth aligns with silver concentrations in the silver coins as carefully with per capita growth as population grows silver grows in supply as equilibrium with population, however as growth increases without a corresponding increase in population the silver concentration increases and increases the value of the coins conversion thus leading to a cycle of increased valuations in silver giving growth expectations even though the circulation for each point has the same increase in total silver supply in nation"

Sophia quickly starts writing in her journal, then goes to her phone to write it there, George could see the passion in Sophia as she was writing, after writing this all down Sophia said "sorry for being rude and tuning on my device during our fist date"

George "no, the pleasure was all mine to help you out with your passion. what can I say, we are partners after all in this. your quick deceive action shows keen business acumen. the truth was it was my fault for the lecturer"

Sophia responded "Thank you George, I feel my passions are affirmed by you" Sophia almost felt embarrassed saying this at a crowded cafe, then she started slurping her lychee smoothie to break the tension. George said "this was a lovely date, would you like to continue on seeing to the premium boarding house's administrative building" Sophia breathed out feeling like jelly in her seat grabbing at the moment of time they just had George said "if you don't mind extending our time together would you consider a relationship together as partners" Sophia quickly re-asociated back together with the moment and situation and stood up to get closer "of course we can be a couple George"

Sophia said "George mises, it is getting late, it is three o'clock, we should get to the premium boarding house's administration building to purchase the premium boarding house to set up the governance headquarters asap, and yes

I really enjoyed our date today.” Sophia grabs George’s hands and said “here, let’s walk together”

George agrees, “let’s hug first, are you a hug person. Personality I think that I could be considered a hug person”

Sophia said “sure, but I’m not really a hug person.”

George and Sophia get together and share a hug, Sophia can feel that George is huge up close, they are now outside the cafe and are out in the open in the market, there is around a ten minute walk to get to the correct administration building, this gives plenty of time to hold hands they both thought after the hug. Sophia brightened her cheeks and asked George, would you like me to prepare a uniform for your governance, I will just need your measurements. George agrees to Sophia over the matter, George stated “I have some ideas for uniforms we can consider after the acquisition” Sophia finds measurements to be the hardest part of forming an outfit given the intimacy involved in gathering, every other part of the process, she had performed for thousands of hours totaling two thousand silver pieces of dress materials with half her time developing men’s clothes to round her experience even given the redundancy, this is partly because of the dream of making cloths for her future husband. This gave her a secret passion for menswear. As a seamstress Sophia was thinking over the designs over and over in her head, she feels as though George would be a perfect start in being the type of girl who can wake up and be proud over her mans cloths bringing responsibility over the appearance of her true love.

George thought little over the idea of having hand crafted cloths developed by his partner except he was thinking of the idea of a dictator style attire. As it turns out there was never any dictator style clothing other than what princes and nobles would wear along with historical military organizations, due to the government’s in this world being privately run there was no need for showing authority, George passed a quick detailed sketch over to Sophia.

Sophia looked into the sketch, “well that sure shows authority, however it is a little unorthodox”

George “well the outfit was actually not that serious to be honest, I would love any outfit you can muster”

Sophia said “no no, I said it was unorthodox I didn’t say that I couldn’t pull it off, once we finish the purchase of the premium boarding house we can then purchase the fabric, large buttons and other materials tomorrow along with your measurements”

George and Sophia reached the administration building, as they enter they realized something important, there was utter chaos there, it seems that the boarding house was up for sale with a poster out front, it was one fifth the expected price, they had entered the building and there was an individual

being fired, there was a meeting over the matter in the front of the building as the fired individual has been trashing the building all at once.

Sophia whispers to George “let me show you my other interests, it is part of my acumen. It is social sense and negotiation, I can always make a deal or get what I want, at least with things I’m passionate about”

George didn’t question it and actually thought over how well she took hold of George’s love and managed to get him to negotiate a date for her after the first day of meeting, the kiss was very passionate, at least from her side for sure, his side he thought was lacking or at least not very experienced.

Sophia eloquently walked up to the gathering, “gentleman please excuse me but is there an argument going on? I would like to speak to the one in charge here.”

a male figure in uniform attire drenched in sweat, spoke up “oh hay lady, these gentleman are here because they don’t want that man who is trashing the administration building to get fired, lady, they don’t know that they are all getting fired here today”

Sophia realizing that the man was under the influence of alcohol felt like purchasing from him was either not the right man or would lead to questioning over the consent of the deal. Sophia asked “does anyone know if this man has a boss?”

another male said “yes that man works for the don, he usually takes a sip of whiskey every time someone is kicked from the family as tradition. now he is kicking out the entire real estate branch”

George walks in further to listen in and hears the discussion about the Don, family business and a whisky tradition and cries “Don’t chop her fingers off, she has a family and a partner who loves her”

the drunk man laughs out “what do you mean, we are not the mafia.”

Sophia walks over to explain the details “this man was using a nick name the don is just his older brother, and they are running a family business the don is short for Donavan and this man drinks whiskey because he is destrought about the fall of the real-estate empire branch with the don being the company head”

Donavan’s brother is laughing at the situation “well, it is good to know that this Sophia is loved. my sectary has not been fired, she is the female in the group of us. you can talk to her, she is a master at sales and knows her stuff. she happens to be responsible for the sales of the real estate not me.”

Sophia and George both said “that is lucky” Sophia looked at her and stated “we need to purchase the premium boarding house ASAP, it is getting late it is almost four, we are willing to pay the amount on the promotion plus thirty percent all in hard online credits now”

the lady grabbed out a slice of paper from her brief case, and handed it over to Sophia and was explained the details of the transaction and and the young lady did the transaction there, with a quick bank process that was even quicker given the huge stake George took out to receive a platinum account within just one day. and the debt from the sovereign wealth fund set up to profit the territory with every one of George's moves it was all done and the premium boarding house was ready. the lady handed over the keys and only said "here you go" and it was all done, given the use of the tax free governance status of his platinum account bult specifically for governors with stakes it was even more cheaper for them. they now had the master key chains waiting for them by an individual waiting over at the premium boarding house.

George smiled at Sophia and Sophia smiled back, there is about a hundred rooms in the premium boarding house however it seems it would be hard to figure the best ones for the head of staffs such as themselves.

Sophia said "well my lord, we must each find ourselves a room for ourselves to stay in when we get there, there is plenty of time before we reach the premium boarding house, do you want to prick up the materials" George said "sure, the sketch was unclear in its color so might i say that the material might be green or blue. symbolizing work's man gear to foster comradery" Sophia agrees "well if it is canvas you want then we should go with any of those colors easy. would you like padding so you are not canvas on skin or on thin clothing" George suggested "how about silk on canvas, I'm sure silk has been supplied before by the capitalism hill board in one of there drops certainly"

Sophia, "there is an archive of each prior drops online, that was one of the fist things I researched before coming here, the drops here at this branch, the Ex:Capita Branch if plentiful"

George froze hearing that name it was the name of the VR MMO game he had just reincarnated from just days earlier, this was truly staggering, the game was set years prior to the time of this reincarnation so it is truly probable that the game un froze in time and started developing and expanding the world map territories with generations of NPC breeding and NPC policy changes leading to Ex:Capita academy being the territory of the institution and Sophia being decened from foreign NPC's only mentioned in passing in the game, George used his avatars name as his name in this new world, perhaps the reason why everyone accepted this was because he was indeed George mises's avatar it was only now that he realized why he had suddenly became attractive, he is his avatar's body

Sophia said "you look like you had just seen a ghost George mises, my lord" George said "oh sorry it is just that Ex:Capita it sounds familiar, like i have been there before"

Sophia started giving a history lesson “well one hundred years ago twenty million people disappeared from Ex:Capita in an instant, these where the most skilled and wealthy individuals in the lands they where said to have cognitive and physical abilities exponentially greater then us all, we where stated as binning NPC’s by these individuals and we where exploited by them for years. we gave them quests with massive rearwards to make a living it nearly bankrupted us all to them, then they all disappeared”

George said “disappeared? Sophia”

Sophia stated “you should know, you are named after there magnate. that is why they fear you isn’t it”

Sophia said “everyone read tails of you rise to power, George mises gained power by determination and he also founded the modern incarnation of this academy one hundred years ago, he is truly admirable. he went out of his way to employ our NPC selves so it is not uncommon to find individuals like me and the one who named you who are die hard fans of him”

George said “I… um. I retuned, I’m sorry i didn’t tell you Sophia. I’m the one referred to as the demon lord of wealth”

Sophia froze this was not because she didn’t know. she was not certain. she gave hints that she was having suspicions like referring to him as the demon lord by saying my lord. however she froze because the Demon lord of wealth was honest to her. she said “yes my lord, i have known for a while now, you are more then just a gifted student at this academy. the truth is that I didn’t say anything because I wanted to see the man you are now. it has been one hundred years” Sophia was only worried that they could never grow old together as George didn’t age in the hundred years she started crying on the floor.

George went down with her to the floor and said, I will always be there for you Sophia. Sophia cried “no you won’t” George noticed she was under distress George knew that she didn’t want a lecture over how he acted right in his time as the demon lord of wealth she wanted to be acknowledged heard and most importantly loved. George said “it must have been hard for you, this is your first day at capitalism hill. having to find new comrades and individuals to be friends with must be taking a toll on you. we can visit your family in the summer holiday if you would like that” Sophia nodded “the truth is, I’m not sure that an immortal should or can fall in love with a mortal woman, will you love me when I’m old George mises” George said “I want to find out, no matter what. I want to know where our fates lead, the truth is i want to love you. and keep your memory for eternity”

Sophia wept on the floor even harder “nobody has ever said that to me before” George clarified “it should also be noted that I only re appeared a few days ago and was not living that hundred years as an immortal like you had assumed Sophia. we may yet grow old together”

Sophia didn’t stop crying, Sophia realized that George could disappear at any moment in future for another hundred years. George confused by the continued crying decided to look into her eyes and distract her. Sophia locked eyes and said to George “but now you could disappear again for a hundred years any time in future George” George didn’t realize this possibility and promptly reponed “wow, Sophia lets cherish our time together.” that is all he could muster up

Sophia cooled off her crying and was feeling a rage of emotion for George realizing she may only have him for a couple of years together. George didn’t know how to say that the likely hood of being in the same class of people to disappear twice in a row was unlikely mathematically so he just sated it as he came up with it Sophia “I hope you are correct!”

George soaked up her tears with his chest, soothing her and stroking her hair. George realized just how imperfect Sophia was. but then it came up as paradox, that lead to the reflection that showing emotions of any sort was only showing communication and intimacy not weakness. George asked if we should sit out on building the uniform until after Sophia has found it in her self to accept the possibility of loss. George laughed and said “you know, you are usually better at taking risks for what you want Sophia” Sophia stopped crying and said “here is a risk for you” and Sophia sneaked a second kiss from George showing her quick recovery.

George and Sophia continued heading back to the Premium Boarding house, they held hands the entire way there. when they arrived they noticed an individual who was looking suspicious as they where looking around for an individual Sophia said “do you think he is looking for us?” George said “yeah i would assume so” they walked up to the suspicious individual “what or who are you looking for, we can help” said George

the individual said “I’m Donavan, they call me Don. I’m looking to give a couple something very important” Sophia interrupted “oh the keys, we purchased the boarding house from you bother” Donavan said “I’m surprised that you could get a real-estate loan given the market you are a real life saver our company is dying we needed a little liquidity to survive the next day so we sold a key asset bellow its market price instead to have survived.” George said “well actually we paid with debt through the sovereign wealth fund that uses our private bonds as collateral to slow the selling of assets but that is a long story” Donavan is intrigued “well that is interesting so you are using your governance already George mises. I have heard lots about you as he puts on his glasses seeing his face finally” George said “well yes that is me, in fact I did use my governance rights already. the profits from the SWF goes directly towards everyone’s benefits”

Sophia cut the conversation short “we should take the keys off your hands Donavan.” Donavan agrees “here you go this is all you need and a map for the building please study it” George said “can i have your contact, I’m sure i could

use you capable hands in future for our governance” Sophia stayed quiet over the passing of contacts however thought that it is good that George was making contacts with influential people already”

Sophia and George used the keys on the gate after matching the color to the instructions of each key color. Sophia said “here to our new governance headquarters” George said “yes here to it, I’m so excited for our future” Sophia and George both admire the gardens, they where filled with wonderful plants and trees. there was turning paths that lead to gazebos and wonderful hedges and all sculptures were well maintained, Sophia realized “well good call getting contact I’m sure he can hook us up with a gardener” George said “exactly, my senses never fail me” Sophia thinks this was funny as he clearly never understood her feelings before expressing them and telling him what they are however he is always supportive and that is what counts.

Sophia and George follow the paths seeing the new headquarters from all angles. it seems that they have been successfully moving people out for the last day and getting ready for the new future sale as of now.

they finally enter the building and notice why it is so premium, it was filled with furniture and huge wooden stairs. they knew they had a place to stay for the night. everyone was cleared out and the furniture was just left only the paintings and expensive ornaments where removed. Sophia and George felt like they had just entered a new era. George said “I want to be on the very top floor.” Sophia said “nah, I want it too.” they both raced to the top floor. Sophia given her athletic abilities reached it first and said “come look there is a massive room” George having read the map prior had noticed the room before and wanted to claim it for himself as he arrived at the most luxurious room, he found that it had been taken by Sophia already

George thought of the idea what if we shared it, thinking they could take turns on different days and said “lets share…” Sophia shouted out “yes, lets live together” George said “no” Sophia had just realized what she had said “are you thinking that we are going too fast George” George said “actually we are going fast by other peoples standards” Sophia said realizing that she was doing something wrong shut herself in the large room, George felt so distraught about it. George thought that he should take a smaller room for the night “Sophia, I’m taking a smaller room for the night. please think over and come to a discission tomorrow, I will see you then when you are ready. Sophia said “good night”

George left for the central boarding house room and given his guilt decided to sleep on the sofa George went straight to bed and started to dream and in this dream he heard ramblings. there was a wise old owl who explained how he was on the same page as Sophia for longer then some friends who where together for years have been, and this should not be taken for granted.

meanwhile Sophia felt so guilty that she could not sleep. she felt so upset that she was rolling around in bed over George and at some point she had tired over this feeling and realized that she had never actually been on a date yet alone kissed anyone until today, also she thought that she should feel proud over her ambition of staying in the same room with someone she loves even if they would just stay in different sub rooms inside the room like she had planned. Sophia felt good that they where in the same building however she could not lose the feeling that they deserve more.

in the middle of the night, Sophia left her room to get some air at night, on her way she noticed snoring coming from the middle central room. it was George asleep, seeing Gorge asleep she thought to how can this defenseless little man sleeping so well get caught up over guilt over what he said. is his sleeping evidence that he does not want to further there relationship?

George woke up in the morning and walked up to Sophia's room and nocked over and over again and Sophia was not there, where was Sophia was racing all over George's mind. George ran outside to check out the gazebo, then the garden, then ran back inside, she was not in the Kitchen because it would be empty of food. where could she be. George shouted through the building "where are you Sophia?" he ran though all the rooms looking for an hour straight each time skipping over the maids quarters in the second inferior building. George enters Sophia's room again and sees some of Sophia's stuff implying that she had not left of her own accord he looks through her window and sees the lights on in the maids quatres. George quickly rushes over towards the Maid's quarters and enters he quicky finds Sophia was asleep next to the sowing machine. along with a half finished version of the suit that didn't look like it would fit well of placed on him, he touched the half done suit and noticed that it was built purely out of leftover fabrics from spare curtains in the storage.

as George tapped on Sophia's shoulder, Sophia slowly slowly woke up. taking time to realize where she was and who was beside her. as Sophia noticed George she asked "how did you find me?" George responded "I spent the last hour looking through the main building and the garden for you. I was calling out you name. i was so worried you had disappeared or where kidnaped"

Sophia looked at the half finished uniform and showed George it saying "I could not sleep, i was rolling in bed. I like to use my hobbies to put me to sleep sometimes. then i figured that i could practice you design late at night to clear my mind so I went and practiced for you"

George stated "last night i had a dream, an owl had explained that we had connected more then some friends connect about there feeling in a single day than friends would in a year and that I should not take this fact for granted and i have a feeling that that was what you where referring to"

Sophia stated “when i see you, I am flooded with emotion, I noticed this during the first kiss and the lead up. the truth is that I felt my ego explode in that moment” George stated “I know what you mean, i experienced it as well. the truth is that I can no longer distinguish what is me and what is you and this feeing didn’t end for me until I lost you” Sophia said “ditto, the truth is that I think that this is what it means to be soul mates I just want to be together for forever. I never want to be dissolved in greed, anger and apathy ever again”

George “Soul mates that is the right words, here here, I shall take you to your room to sleep there” Sophia said “sure I’m still very tired George” George grabbed Sophia by the back and legs and lifted her, given his avatar’s strength transferred across even as an economics simulator there where benefits like leveling up and outside the abilities such as charisma, intelligence, strength and emotion builds. with strength being good for the mines and resilience to work life pressures, charisma being social development and the ability to influence someone. emotion being the skill of emotional intelligence and emotional attunement and even intelligence that represented cognitive abilities, instead of having a level and a distribution like any normal game Ex:Capita the game each individual ability was able to be grinded for and maxed out. coincidently George mises character had each ability in the game unlocked and maxed. this must explain why George mises had an improvement in each ability after reincarnating realizing this George mises given his level one hundred intelligence this may make him the smartest individual in there world.

Sophia was placed down in bed and Sophia said “why are you so strong George, you carried me the entire way without a single sweat at a brisk speed?” George stated “my powers as the demon lord of wealth have caused me to be very strong capable and intelligent, the truth is that I have worked very hard in my time amassing my earlier fortune. this may mean that I’m the luckiest man on earth” Sophia taking the statement luckiest man on earth to mean because he has herself for a relationship, however George knew that his avatar had a luck level of one hundred and so the fluke of the bankruptcy insurances could literally mean that it played out that way due to his luck. same as meeting Sophia he thought and contemplated if it was just his charisma stat or potently both in tandem that led to Sophia’s introduction and relationship.

George left Sophia’s Room to let her sleep comfortably for a while and allowed her to change into her night gear in peace this morning. leaving Sophia with privacy and time to rest after her time developing his uniform last night.

George had several hours to himself, so he decided to write a note and slip it down Sophia’s room. saying that George was going food shopping for a while as the pantry is empty. George left the Premium boarding house and governance headquarters taking the path that lead directly to the gate along

with the keys to shut the gate. George left the building at once and closed and locked the gate. George noticed a view of the town from the premium headquarters earlier, seeing a convince store situated five minutes away. George had no travel cars, or method of brining the entire stock back he thought. George however made his way to the shopping center and realized that it is a good idea to bring flowers for his partner.

swept up by thoughts of Sophia George entered the shop, it was his fist time other world shopping. he found plenty of unusual items there like gold and silver bullion, more plants then usual edible plants, each plant category had five different verities of such plant with up to twenty for the tomatoes with purple carrots orange ones and white. you where expected to know the pros and cons of each verity of plant, with only chilies separated by verity and intensity to minimize risk for consumers.

George made his way to the flower section, passing the solar panel section given the lack of power generation capabilities without many mines. there was an apothecary aisle having a browse there he noticed that there was all sorts of herbal remedies with all sorts of new untested verities that popped up with his governance transformation. there was a Potion that was said to keep you up, for men only. there were woman only potions as well. most suspiciously some potions did not contain any label with no list of key ingredients, especially the recent and new potions. George took a mental note of the legitimacy of the potions thinking that the apothecary section was just the tip of the iceberg. he then noticed a stair case leading down to all sorts of toys alcohol and other substances he should probably not be found near as governor. risqué items could undermine his credibility he thought however it also seemed that totally normal people where coming in and out along with there contraband bringing it along with there personal foods and drinks and ingredients. one of the cultural shocks of a capitalism hill was this super market, everyone in this capitalism hill where ages eighteen to twenty one so experimentation was to be expected.

the eclectic mix of shoppers lead him back to bringing Sophia a more traditional itemed flowers for his partner. as he passed the underground section he found the flower section, there he found the prefect flowers for Sophia. it was the lotus, there was a subsection of lotus then he realized something. you could ask a florist who was there to build a custom build of flowers on the fly. a friendly florist greeted George and brought him to the flower bar, there was a smorgasbord behind the florist, George asked her to make the prefect lotus themed flower arrangement that would convey the meaning of love.

through the thousand words of flower arrangement. the florist quickly got started on her task, with George replying to questions like comparing the two lilies and pointing out his favorite ones, with blue being the main choice to

both pop out the pink lotus but also to match the color of Sophia’s eyes and dress.

in the end there he was left with a pattered teal and pink flower arrangement filled with large flowers and some smaller flowers piled for smell. George asked the florist of there was a survive that would allow him to carry more things back with him and the florist agreed and pointed over at the counter where there was a sign saying “electric tricycles available for rent storage is XXXX kilograms dependent on rents available” George thanked the florist, the florist said “you are meant to purchase the flowers here at the bar then purchase your shopping separately” George walked up to the florist and scanned his card with her and collected his flowers. weirdly he was getting the stares at him even by the ones who picked up clearly risqué items, it seems that he has a reputation for being a ruthless leader prior and now a reputation even worse for filling his time in romance over governance. this was a well warranted rumor however as he had established very little policy in his time in relation to how much policy he removed given his complete over hall and removal of every single policy and no follow up policy was added thus far.

George went and stocked up with familiar ingredients, George happened to have fully level up his cooking skills in Ex:Capita. the VR MMO game of Ex:Capita was full dive and perfectly simulated cooking at ever step so he knew very much about cooking, it was actually a passion for him he was not just one of the best players of Ex:Capita but was also a chef in the game as well as one of his job titles he held earlier on in his Ex:Capita career. like Sophia George was also a polymath just in secret unlike Sophia’s very public display of ability.

George finally brought his ingredients to the counter, this time he placed all his items and showing the receipt for his flowers and also he noticed that in the grocery there where ways to barging however George refused to barging un-like the other consumers, skipping over the process asking to pay full price, the lady agreed and said the total, he then asked the lady if he could rent an electric tricycle. the lay said yes and added to total. George went to pay then loaded his groceries onto the eclectic tricycle.

George entered the tricycle and made his way the the premium headquarters. as he arrived at the building he unlocked the gate and entered the building. there happened to be a passenger seat on the tricycle so once he unloaded the shopping into there fridge and pantry he could bring Sophia along with him for the way back. it was mid day already as George entered the building and unloaded the Groceries. mid way through the onloading Sophia stopped by his location and helped George unload. George had hidden the flowers just in case of this occasion. once everything was unloaded all the meat, vegetables and other ingredients where placed in the correct directories in the Kitchen.

Sophia was asking George what they where going to cook with Sophia noted that she was a good cook to George and could help, George said I have not finished un packing he brings out the flowers from there hiding spot and comes over to show Sophia them. Sophia was so happy when she received them and lent over to the flowers to smell them and then kissed George on the mouth again. Sophia said the flowers where amazing and that they would go good on the center middle table. George said, we should call up Donavan together to get the garden crew onboard and potentially have him over to talk governance strategy.

Sophia and George however decide to return the rented tricycle before committing to anything, Sophia was amazed at the technology and utility of a two seat electric tricycle and could not take her mind of the fact that It could ride up the steep rugged hill with ease given the technology in capitalism hill. it likely had a great technician or was a supply drop possibility out of the drops available to the students at capitalism hill.

George takes the front seat and Sophia takes the back seat, the seat at the back was sideways and next to it was the front on seat with the electric wheels and on the back was the tray that held the items and shopping, high powered vehicles was a non option for most of the students at capitalism hill given the scarcity in supply drops and given the lack of skill building available and also it was looked down on to pollute with heavy vehicles that travel far and hall lots of luggage.

George had spent the five or so minute ride back home comparing the culture stopping at the side of the road to read information making his drive take thirty minutes as he observed the internet data available given his opening of access to internet again. Silverton used more bulky electric vehicles that where power inefficient and more like cars, pollution George found was a negative externality where the external effects where thought to cost everyone, given the lack of central authority the social reactions to pollution were far to excessive as he had seen everyone react to public littering very harshly even Sophia was known to partake in this behavior, so the view of having pollution heavy petrol based vehicle infuriates society given the plethora of energy from nuclear fission and solar making gas a deadly relic for history.

Sophia said as George drove the electric vehicle “wow these vehicles are so power efferent, they can bring us all the way home and back without charging it also utilized a sophisticated redox like approach allowing recharge to take as long as switching out two liquids twice who ever came up with this design must be a genius like you George” George said “well the technology is just switching out electrolytes it is actually quite simple, the hard part is finding the right ones that lastly and most importantly are not harmful” Sophia said “you know your stuff George” George said “i hear in Silverton you are used to more bulky electric vehicles that recharge slower but are higher voltage and

keeps a charge better this technology may seem new and exiting to you, however I’m sure that in Silverton they also weighed the consequences and benefits of there batteries and came to a different conclusion by them selves independently and found an opportunity cost asociated with lower carrying in an industrialized nation”

Sophia lost her amassment a little for the electric tricycle they where on and said to George “Silverton exports a lot of minerals as our currency increases this means that the cost to import lowers this drives up imports, however it lowers the extractable supply of resources so we are forced to import more harder to lower our currencies value in order to continue extraction for our nation resource, the problem is ten fold when we consider that our debts are held in Silverton silvers that have historically been made of our silver and minted with excess value added making our debt cycle further as we increase our silver concentration over time given the added and excess labor available and excess growth the influx of imports.”

George said “it seems that you have put loads of thought into that statement, I see the issue. if you where to increase the value of your currency then the extractable supply of silver would decrease and then lower you silver supply causing silver concentration to lower, devaluing your counties silver, you can’t import external silver due to traditions and you cant let your currency deprecate or else you are to lose imports and lower the growth, so you must keep you currency valuing higher with lowering by spending on imports rapidly thus growing the economy enough to extract ever more silver am I right”

Sophia agrees “yes and then there is the point on our debt”

George responded “well, if you where to restrict and tighten reserve requirements then you could lower the debt exposure and implement a near full reserve system this would also make a market effect where the real concentration of silver becomes even higher over night as the total supply of silver units droops heavily, it will cool of speculation that leads to financializations that pull away from actual resource extraction ands allows for more wealth to be received from each minted unit of coinage, it seems to me that your territory is not the soul mint of your currency the banks are that i consider counterfeit, you could then introduce this currency and allow debts to be payed for with the fractional reserve silver with no ability to re expand them to fractional reserve again”

Sophia said “that is a little harsh George having the debt be repaid with worthless silver, I can see your frustration with fractional reserve and I like it, it is a very intelligent solution that hits the core of the issue. it is honestly a very attractive side of you George”

as George and Sophia arrive at the super market Sophia says that she needs to go down stairs for a second. George panics what could it be that Sophia

needs to pick up from down stairs in the super market? George places the electric tricycle and helmets back at the stand and signs for the rental Tricycle. then enters the supermarket to find Sophia, she is not on the surface of the super market so she must have already entered the underground labyrinth of and alcohol and what ever else, as George enters the dungeon and looks at the toys in stock. he sees people playing with them in a play aria. as it turns out these toys where actually just Toys and puzzles. the illicit substances where just dog toys. it was just weird that the alcohol section was placed next to the dog toy and young adult puzzles. the reason why the puzzles where near the alcohol was because in the culture there is a tradition of showing off your intelligence by solving incrementally harder puzzles as you take incrementally harder liquid. as for the dog toys, dogs are not allowed up stairs, there is a pet grooming and vet down stairs. so what was Sophia there to get?

George found Sophia around the puzzles section, she was picking up the newest realize from a familiar puzzle brand, this was expense as it had landed as a supply drop, in this game it was a fantasy fighting game where you build characters and enter dungeons it was not really a puzzle so it was on the border of the puzzle section bordering the famine hygiene and and nutrient supplement section along with shavers and other products, this is because there was also a doctor neighboring the alcohol George thought this was a ploy from the alcohol businesses to seem more healthy then they are.

Gorge asked “do you have any one to play with this board game? I would like to join potentially we could bring over some other acquaintances you know Sophia” Sophia said “sure I know a woman who would like to play with us, I have to introduce you to her. her name is Amelia we should have her over” George said “sure once we have purchased the board game we should call her right away” whilst you do that I will call Donavan about the garden and potentially invite him over, is it weird to invite the prior owner to a house warming party?” Sophia said “well there could have been stress over the fact that he lost his property due to financial stress and the feelings may be raw, however we could show him that the building’s went to good owners hands and you can tell him that he is welcome any time.”

George said “it sounds like a good idea then, we shall have a house warming party to get on good terms with everyone and to show off our new headquarters and play this dungeon crawling game together. oh yeah and also get the gardening situation under control”

Sophia and George goes to pay for the board game and finds out that it was ten fold higher then that of every other board game due to the scarcity and the one off supply drop involved. as George handled payment he felt a little guilt over such a purchase this is because it was limited edition and George said “limited edition” and made a purr sound Sophia said “limited by how many they can sell, every item in a supply drop is duplicated and automated

this game was just the studied version there will be copy cats all over with intelligent students who mod the game and improve it like always” George went ahead with the purchase.

as they left the building they decided to call there friends and acquaintances Donavan and Amelia. as they started the call, George was noticing that Donavan was distraught about the idea of going to the property he was forced to sell’s house warming party however he did seem to like the idea of the board game theme, for the event. Sophia told Amelia that Donavan was going to be there and she automatically decided to come. George didn’t think to tell Donavan that Amelia was going to be there even though they where both in the same level and both twenty to twenty one years old this is because he didn’t know if she was coming or if they where in the same level as each other. Sophia seemed to know more about Donavan and Amelia then she was letting on to.

the party was one week from now. so they had plenty of time to get set up and practice the rules of the dungeon crawl game. George as he was an expert player at Ex:Capita thought that the dungeon crawling game would be a breeze. as they arrived home by foot together they found that this was a pure skill based game that relied on puzzles of emotional intelligence. something that seemed not activated or latent to George mises at all. so they decided that they where to practice cooking and measuring George’s body for his uniform.

a week had passed in an what felt like an instant. with George and Sophia had grown closer and had finished the uniform it was placed on George with silk under lining along with canvas outer layer, as the temperature was cooler in capitalism hill this extra padding especially now he could feel real cold unlike the synthetic could from the full dive VR he was used to for the past two years or so. this cold felt so real to him he made himself comfortable in Sophia’s handywork and was so thankful for Sophia because of this.

a knock on the door happened and the party was ready. Sophia said “welcome please come in and make yourself home” Donavan had entered, Donavan felt embarrassed because he had felt ashamed that he demonized the buyers of his lost property given the finical stress he was under at the time. George wondered if Donavan was back on his feet so he asked “I hope you are doing well” and used a saying in this new world that goes by “the commence spirits are not angary” to probe an individuals finical health politely as a way to say hello as a greeting similar to saying bless you after a sneeze level of polite. Donavan said the quiet part out loud “I’m still morning the loss of the Premium boarding house however it is good to see that it is going to successful and lovely polite owners, the truth is i was rude to you all I didn’t conversed further about the state of the place with furniture not removed and and the fact that specialized gardeners are required to maintain this building only found in one company in capitalism hill given the exotic flowers found

here. i should have not lashed out at the flowers or any of you” George said “you noticed the downfall of the flowers have you, (George laughs) that is nolonger your reasonability now even if you could have saved them it is our building and our responsibility even if it is imposable for us to bear. to be honest i have spent the last week to bring up the courage to call you back to find out the gardeners required”

Donavan said “well it takes a lot of courage to admit you need help, so here you go” Donavan passes the business card over to George. as they exchange details. there was another nock on the door as soon as the details where passed, it was from another guest, it was Sophia’s guest. Sophia said “come on in Amelia” Donavan froze up in place and then dropped a little to the floor.

As Donavan fell to the floor, he got back up a little disorientated. what ever it was, George picked up on the emotional repones of Donavan and was thinking that there is going to be an event taking place in a couple of seconds. Amelia entered the building soon after and Sophia said “long time no see cousin” George then realized that they where not just friends but also family, this explains why it is that on the second day o capitalism hill they had already been on friend basis’s.

Donavan wondered why his ruthless business rival was staying over for a house warming party up until then. Amelia then said hello to Donavan and slightly blushed a little. Donavan also felt an intense emotional reaction to her however it was that of fear, they had known each other for there entire life and Donavan came from Silverton just as Sophia and Amelia had been where Amelia’s and Sophia’s families came from the central bank family, Donavan’s family had been close to the CEO of Silverton or the ruler of Silverton. both families where entirely un related however they have equal powers with a separation between the fiscal and monetary sides of Silverton’s great families. so naturally it was inevitable for them to be compared to each other and given the similarities between Donavan and Amelia’s age at the time they where direct comparisons to each other. Sophia had also known about Donavan just much lower extent even though she was more in line to inherit the position of chair of the central bank. but being second in line as Amelia she held her own respect.

Sophia said to George that she would fill him in later about Donavan and his relationship to our families. George Asked to Donavan “have you played the game before?” Donavan said “no, never this will be fun” George said “this is a hard game everyone but it should allow us to show off our acumen and what we have learnt over the years. in this game we crawl through dungeons with a turmoil in the party at every step.

also there is the problem of resource allocation and loot pickup allocation there is also problems distributing portions and character flaws in game that are randomly chosen” Sophia said “we also have crisps and drinks for everyone, there is also TV and movies available for later tonight.

please make yourself at home everyone, i want us all to get along” Amelia “said i want to get to know George better, to see if he is a good suit. also how long have you been together?” Sophia said “well one week, but to tell you the truth we have been very passionate about each other from the start, this George is very skilled at economics like I am Amelia. I could not have asked for a better suit then George”

Donavan said “well i sure cant wait for the game to biggin” Amelia said “Don you like gaming? i don’t think we have played since we both enrolled to capitalism hill at the same time together”

Donavan said “that is because we know you will win” Amelia said “well I cannot hold a candle to Sophia strategy plays and i believe that you can practice if you want to get good at these things Don” Sophia said “what is right it was Amelia who fist started referring to Donavan as Don wasn’t it”

George started walking deeper into the premium headquarters after a cue of silence, George said “let the games begin” once entering the middle center room, the board game was placed and fully set up where the old flowers from a few days prior where held in the big table. there was a classic style board with a set of game pieces each with distinct features,

George was coincidently holding the strategists pieces, this pieces had the lowest game stats but had the meeting skill that allowed time to pause and decide next action, if this piece died then the game is over, it would be considered the king piece. George said “everyone decided on your positions and and we can take action” Sophia noticed a change in personality as they all settled down he was really into the whole strategist position, this game can last for hours hence the food and drinks close by.

once everyone sat down they where informed of the rules, they collectively settled on the “realistic” difficulty mode, this was the hardest mode of the game. they allowed for inter personal events to occur by chance as well to make the game more complicated.George said “have you decided on your character pieces yet everyone?” Sophia was the hoarder “yes”, flowed by Donavan the knight and Amelia the alchemist who can produce and throw potions,

there was no archer or other players taken for attacking however potions along with knights is all they need so far. George said “there are two important rolls in this game that are critical this is the hoarder who carries everything and second is the strategist both cannot die without consequences however progress cant take place without fighting and healing so alchemists and fighters are secondary importance there is also third rolls like butcher that can extract meat without penalty and cooks too, however these rolls will be taken by the strategist with a penalty” as everyone was being informed about the rules they diced to enter the games dungeon

as the game started they came to a set of resource allocation issues with the alchemist contemplating weather to use the water supply for brewing or for drinking given that the potions did not hydrate as much as plain water, they took a massive amount of water every turn however the water content was high at the start. there was solutions available, for example starting out by purchasing ingredients from the surface with there staring capital and using free surface water for potions however there was the issue of lack of funds, you could delve into the dungeon for funds but the gear requires funds or else you pick up loot and not sell it, there where so many costs and benefits out there in the game, it was a real economics simulation over being a game, George mises suggested “what if we where to not loot until the end where as we have been finding the loot more valuable down there, this means instead of entering with half water and potions and half empty space, we could instead fill up on that of water and potions entirely and then we can as we drink further in we loot, we already end up emptying ourselves of of biggening loot at the start once we reach the end. not to mention that we fill up on crude swords quickly any way as a mob dop early on that we have never ended up selling ever but we sill carry it” Donavan interrupts and says “sure we can do that, that is actually a very smart and reasonable proposition” Sophia said, “lets attempt this strategy then we can finish up the game, it has been five hours of playing, i want us to talk amongst ourselves after and get to know each other better”

they continued playing for another hour in the dudgeon, this was there longest cowling exercise as of yet because of George’s strategy, they managed to defeat the final boss and gain a medal and the code to open a trinket inside the box that was contained inside the game box, in this box was a note from the game’s author saying a lengthy paragraphs about the author’s self and there time building the game before making it big. and said that it was basically the friends and support he had that made him so successful. reading this was a very deep moment for everyone.

as they decided to leave for the massive TV they had purchased a few days prior they chose a romantic comedy movie to watch, however before starting the movie Sophia said that we should have a discussion first. Sophia said “I will start by telling everyone the story of the relationship between George and myself” after recapping there relationship events Amelia said “wow, so you acutely committed to a date after a single day, at Silverton dating only comes when close to ‘Committing’ unlike in other territories like Capitalism hill where dating happens much earlier than that with relationships only starting after a few dates” Sophia froze “is this true? George I think that we had a misunderstanding when you said that you wanted to date me I thought that you wanted to commit to me from the start, where you not actually committing when we kissed,” Sophia thought that George asking to be a couple after the end of the date was evidence that there relationship would

only start form then and not implied by the date itself as is customary in Silverton

George said “well our relationship does and didn’t from as a typical relationship does or would, this is because the intensity of the relationship reaches further then bounds can. cultural misunderstandings are common and to be embraced as quirks of our past and not to hold our selves back by as long as we both hold feelings” Donavan almost cringed at this statement whilst Amelia was feeling walm and emotional over the statement.

Donavan noticed his heart throbbing after seeing Amelia liking the segment George had just performed, Donavan realized that he was jealous of George for making Amelia feel this way. this was unusual given the feelings of fear, she had instilled in himself prior, the truth is that over the game Donavan liked the acknowledgments over the game where he could not help but feel in tune with Amelia when they fought with each other. he could not shake the feeling of comradery between them as Amelia threw the right potions at the right time.

as for what Amelia felt for Donavan was the need to show off to him to prove that she was a great and powerful woman worthy of Donavan’s respect, all this time she was confusing Donavan’s fear for her as respect. this made her feel un respected as the game progressed and made her even more competitive for his respect. this meant that there was an immense disconnect and one sided ness between them.

Sophia said to Amelia “well wasn’t there something you are supposed to say Amelia” very quietly. Amelia blushed and agreed, she started staring at Donavan, and opened her mouth to say “Donavan the truth is that I have feelings for you” the room fell silent Donavan’s fear for Amelia grew harder in another direction. Donavan said “before today i was scared of you and your business being the most direct competitor in the industry to my one. however the problem I faced before i had played with you as a comrade, is that the fear was actually that of adoration, i know that you business was not trying to directly compete because your business was to large to see me as a threat, we where just collateral damage. I would like to get to know you better as a comrade then as an enemy. I have always respected you Amelia and this is why I can say proudly that i have feelings for you”

there was a romantic comedy starting to play on the tv, Sophia has just put on the movie. Sophia stated that this is my favorite movie, it it was an animated movie about the reincarnation of the historical super genius the Demon lord of wealth coming back from a hundred years ago and falling in love in the modern era, it was founded by the fan club of the demon lord of wealth’s richest and devotee follower who confidently plays the female lead voice actor.

as George mises was the demon lord of wealth he cringed at the movie and its in accuracies, he also noticed personality differences and overly romantic

undertones ands idolizations. it was only Sophia who knew this secret that the George mises from the Demon lord of wealth era was same as the George Mises just Infront of them. surly she was playing a trick on himself and Sophia whispered again over to George “honey notice anything with the voice actors” George listened in, Sophia was the female lead voice actor in the movie. Donavan and Amelia said something on the lines of “why are you showing of your own movie you made as a university project” Sophia said well it should be considered a movie if it scored a one hundred percentage in media class.

George said “all this in a week or work, you where taking an online class for media just to learn how to make an animation of our romance, this is all too much.” Sophia said “the truth is i wanted to learn how to animate not just be a skilled drawer the only thing that i could find that brought me passion was writing a romantic account of us together” Amelia said “cousin this could come of as being narcissistic or worse” Sophia was laughing so hard, guess what everyone we bought a TV but we don’t have any movies, all we had was the student film i made so I had to improvise.

Donavan asked “if you have a TV then why no movies” Sophia said “to develop my animation for media class of course, honestly we have been to busy to consider watching movies” Donavan then asked “why did you think that you would have a romantic movie to watch together” George said “sorry this was all my fault, I’m totally unfamiliar with the movies available to purchase at capitalism hill it seems like every second movie was a student film developed to pad out the super market’s selection i spent an hour looking through the reviews of different movies but due to the internet wall i could only find student self promotion and not reviews on the real movies. this was all before i recently took down the wall and it was too late as i was counting on the wall falling fast enough to stream a movie instead, however we need to replace the fiber cables and everything, it has been a hustle for me to put a path to the internet up properly ever since”

Donavan said “you have acknowledged your failure and we can move on” George said “thank you I’m sorry everyone for the misunderstanding” Amelia and Donavan have not talked together from there confession together and now that the film is over they must break the ice before they can move forward how does this happen though Amelia and Donavan. Sophia stepped in and said “the short film I made got me thinking about the fact that you need open and honest communication would you be willing to tell me what inspired you to take that leap of faith?”

Amelia said “well I have been planning to confess to Donavan for a few years now, I have had a crush on him for ages” Donavan suspired by this said “you could have mentioned to me earlier and I would have likely accepted, you are an attractive young lady who I am close to and have grown up together with” Amelia reponed “I was too shy and was fearful of rejection and second thing is that you should have actually confessed to me Donavan putting a woman on

the spot like that is unflattering” Donavan said “I just thought that you where out of my league Amelia, you are just so pretty and skillful. I’m sure you could have had any one of your selection” Amelia said “you are the most attractive man to be on this earth, you are like a man from a book. so much character, so much pride” Amelia breathed in and out and continued “given the turbulence in the economy from the change in governances there has been a problem of my companies finances, I know that your company Donavan passed the storm by selling the boarding house. our larger company didn’t deal in the likes of the turbulence like yours did as we don’t hold large liquid assets as each on of our buildings selling would lower each other buildings value directly as it is not just one unit of sale im not sure that we could last three months”

Donavan said “wow, I didn’t realize you where under so much stress. and the stress I put you though holding back my own confession was uncalled for as a it really was truly my repones ability to go first. as for the company status how could I help. I’m not sure that I can, you see my business is too small” Amelia said “your business holds a lot debt however, so this means that if we where to fuse our companies we could increase our credit rating, funnel our money through your debt to lower our tax losses low enough to increase calculated stock and valuation five fold” Donavan said “what is the catch, this is a awfully generous plan for me given that i can gain a hold on one of the largest surviving businesses in capitalism hill. what do you get” Amelia knowing that there are other less risky plans that doesn’t involve getting closer to Donavan and having the work relationship she had been dreaming of for her own self interested tastes.

Amelia described the risks as flows “The risks is that we lose both businesses, we can also lose on or the other business and lastly we could, if this works look like the villains” Donavan given the harsh reality of her situation agrees “I accept the deal”